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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—December 13, 1975, 50 cents

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TRB

from Washington
December 13, 1975

The Big Lottery

Quaint, those Founding Fathers. The thought occurred to me as the unannounced visitor came to my office and held out an open wallet with a card in it; "Secret Service," it said.

The Founding Fathers devised a quite different way of picking a President; a way that wouldn't have required Secret Service protection for candidates as they clawed and fought their way toward possible nomination. In my case it just happened that fate made me the man who would introduce former Gov. Jimmy Carter to a nonpartisan group of reporters at an informal breakfast session. So, naturally, the Secret Service had come to look me over and case the joint, following the threat to President Ford and to Ronald Reagan. Currently the Secret Service is guarding the following candidates (besides the President): Wallace, Carter, Udall, Bentsen, Shriver, Bayh and Reagan. You will note them in the TV shots. They are the men in the crowd just behind the candidate with the odd expression—at once alert, and faraway. As the primary system expanded so have the bodyguards. Jack Kennedy ran in only seven primaries in 1960; now there are 30.

The present nomination system would knock the wigs right off the Founding Fathers; they wouldn't believe it; they would think it crazy; it is crazy.

At 12:01 am Wednesday, February 25, 1976 (only 11 weeks off) Dixville Notch, New Hampshire (pop. 29) will send in returns and the profound thinkers of the press will begin cranking their tabulating machines to tell us what it portends. I'll tell you what it portends. In 1960 Dixville Notch picked Nixon. In 1964 it picked Goldwater. In 1968 it picked Humphrey. And in 1972, for once it got it right: by voting for Nixon, 19 to 1. After New Hampshire there will be primaries thereafter every month till June 8. Exciting, eh?

The Founding Fathers thought they had a good system. How could the man in the street, they asked, know who would be a fitting President? Let the citizen vote for state electors and let the latter pick the President. (In parliamentary systems the voters pick the legislatures and the latter still pick the prime minister and the opposition leader, not the voters themselves; it saves a couple of years' hassle and maybe $200 million.)

". . . The people of each state shall choose a number of persons as electors, . . . who shall assemble within the State, and vote for some fit person as President," said Hamilton (Federalist Papers No. 69). "Talents for low intrigue, and the little arts of popularity, may alone suffice to elevate a man to the first honors in a single state; but it will require other talents and a different kind of merit to establish him in the confidence of the whole Union . . ."

John Jay (No. 64) backed the proposed choice by "select bodies of electors" as having "vastly the advantage of elections by the people in their collective capacity where the activity of party zeal, taking advantage of the supineness, the ignorance, and the hopes and fears of the unwary and interested, often places men in office by the votes of a small proportion of the electors."

The original Electoral College is all but a defunct body now, and perhaps good riddance, but we have gone to the other extreme of expanding the primary system past all reason, in a process that continues for two years and that finally came up with a choice in 1972 where 63 million eligible voters were too bored to vote.

How did President Nixon get elected last time? He came in by a landslide the newspapers said but a "landslide" where 45 percent didn't vote. What a way to pick the most important political figure on earth. The choice finally came down to McGovern, a quiet, decent, small town minister's son who became a bomber pilot and whose undoubted moral passion always had trouble communicating itself; and Richard Nixon, the most aloof and noxious man who ever sat in the White House. Simultaneously the voters picked a Democratic Congress with consequences of conflict that come down to the present: after two years of the most serious energy crisis in the history divided-power government still hasn't reached a united policy on what to do about it. It's our system and we're used to it; but it startles every other nation on earth.

Everybody sighed relief in 1972 when the thing was over: "And Now, Here's Spiro . . . for '76," blazoned *Time* magazine in a special edition, predated November 20, in which it declared that "recent history favors his chances . . . the odds now are with Agnew if for no other reason than the fact that he is the favorite of the GOP conservatives who . . . control the Republican party." The conservatives still control the party but a lot of other things have changed.

So now we are back in the old quadrennial cycle again, looking toward New Hampshire, picking a new President by the device of 30 state primaries (plus additional caucuses) which operate a kind of crazy popularity contest. The most militant minorities have a big advantage in the process in picking somebody on one-shot issues. Sometimes we get a Harding, Coolidge or Nixon, sometimes we get a Franklin Roosevelt or Truman, but good luck in a lottery is no excuse for the lottery. It is a fearful ordeal: Sen. Walter Mondale pulled out after two years: "I do not have the overwhelming desire to be President which is essential for the kind of campaign that is required," he said. But others have the desire though they operate in a period when the public mood is as sourly cynical toward public life as it has been in the century.

Having said all this it is only fair, I think, to yield the balance of my time to a man who likes the primary process and who finds meaning in it, Jimmy Carter, former governor of Georgia, an attractive left-of-center figure with a wig-like mop of hair growing gray at the temples, and a face as open as Eleanor Roosevelt's. "Sure," he says, "I'm going to enter all the primaries; it is a kind of an ordeal for some people but it happens to be a pleasure for me; it's a screening out process that's part of the American political scene."

Jimmy Carter's big test is Florida, March 9, when he comes up against George Wallace, the conservative spoiler who has repeatedly tried for the Democratic nomination and then fought the man who got it. Bright, bouncy Carter thinks he can do well against Wallace as a symbol of the "new South." If he does we must take him seriously.

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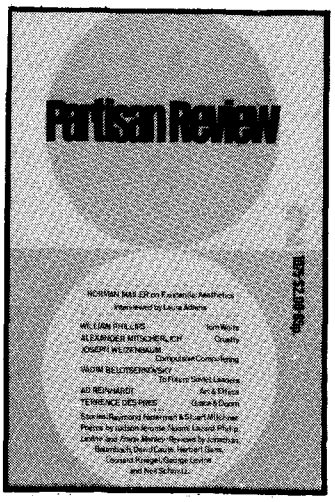

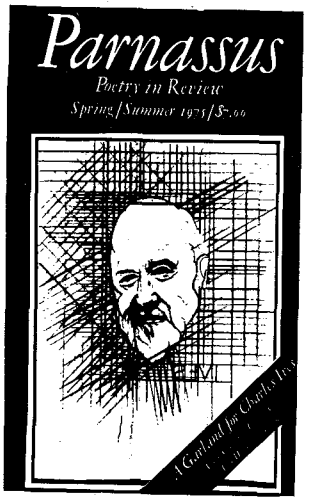

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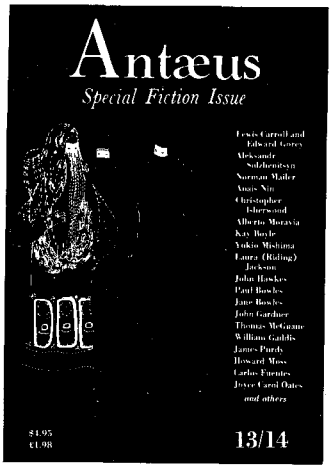

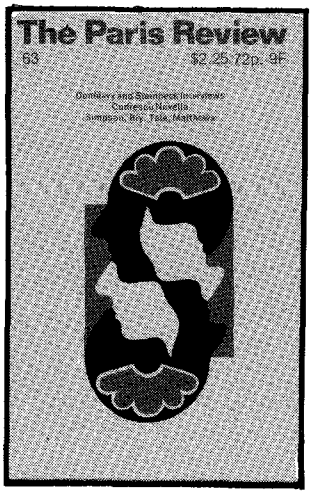

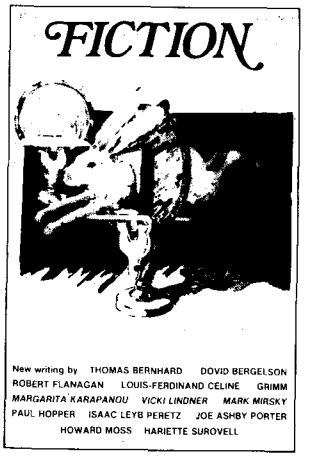
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Ho Hum Tax Reform

Like mushrooms that sprout in the dark, loopholes inevitably appear in tax laws, and no one can explain how they got there. Rep. Charles Vanik (D, Ohio), a member of the House Ways and Means Committee and a veteran of many tax battles, found a new mushroom this year. It was of a familiar strain. Though no one paid much attention when it was being added to the code, it will remain in effect indefinitely and permit certain oil companies, among other corporations, to avoid paying millions of dollars in taxes that they would otherwise have to turn over to the US Treasury. Rep. Vanik estimates that it could benefit ARAMCO (the consortium of Exxon, Mobil, Texaco and Socal that runs Saudi Arabia's oil fields) as much as $35 million. The provision applies to certain kinds of income earned abroad, making it possible for the members of ARAMCO to count their income from Saudi Arabia as "dividends" and thus take advantage of a foreign tax credit. It's just the kind of tax break that legislation passed this spring was supposed to eliminate.

Vanik said last week that the special provision took shape in a closed conference of Senate and House members when they were putting the last touches on a tax cut and reform bill before the Easter recess. Vanik was present when it happened. Though it was a confession of Vanik's own inattention, he admitted that he couldn't remember how it slipped in. "Where did this 'new' language come from?" he asked last week. "I have written to the members of the conference committee asking if they could recall this special new section . . . Members of my staff have interviewed the offices of the House and Senate legislative counsels. They do not know where the language came from, and they do not recall any discussion of the provision in conference." Vanik concluded that the loophole, "fitting deftly into a difficult section of the tax code, did not come from the Easter Bunny." He would like to eliminate it. This fall Vanik tried to convince the Ways and Means Committee, which has been working for months on a comprehensive tax reform bill, to side with him and close the loophole. He lost by a vote of 17 to 19, and now, because House politics and scheduling problems have got in the way, Congress won't consider Vanik's request at all. Meanwhile, he's trying to ensure that the conference negotiations on the new tax bill—should there be any—will be open to the public.

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Vanik wasn't the only one trying to catch loophole makers in the act. His example was already months old when he spotted it in the federal code. However, *The Wall Street Journal* caught a more daring scheme. In a front-page story in November, the *Journal* reported that drafters of the current tax bill slipped in an amendment offered by Representatives James Burke (D, Mass.) and Phil Landrum (D, Ga.) permitting individuals to "carry back" for up to three years any capital losses of more than $30,000 and use them retroactively to offset capital gains taxes. According to the *Journal*, the amendment was written by former IRS commissioner Sheldon Cohen at the behest of H. Ross Perot, the Texas computer millionaire. Perot denied that he caused the amendment to be written, but he would get a tax break of $15 million if it goes through. But that won't happen for a couple of reasons. First, loopholes of this kind must be well disguised to slip through, and Perot's amendment has lost its cover. Liberals on the House Ways and Means Committee are drawing lots to see who will get first crack at it on the floor and who will make the angry speeches on TV. Secondly, the Perot amendment is rendered irrelevant by the fact that tax reform is almost surely dead this year.

Tax reform looks finished because it has run into a brick wall called Russell Long. Sen. Long comes from the oil and gas country of Louisiana and he chairs the Senate Finance Committee. He has already declared his intention to move with statesmanlike speed toward a reasonable reform bill, meaning he'll start work when he's damn well ready. That won't be until next year. As he told a TV interviewer recently, "Those people over there [the honorable members of the House] took three years to generate these proposals; we're entitled to take the better part of a year to look at them." In truth Russell Long isn't entirely to blame. The Ways and Means Committee shares the responsibility because it waited until the last moment to report out its bill. Although the bill passed the House last week by a vote of 219-197, it won't go much farther. The 94th session of Congress ends on December 31, and the Senate won't act without holding its own tax reform hearings. There just isn't time. Last year there wasn't time either.

The consensus is that the tax package being bundled together in the House will be split apart when it reaches the Senate. The real accomplishment of the Ways and Means members—the new reforms—will be set aside, and the general tax cuts given to everyone in the midst of the economic crisis earlier this year will be extended for another year. This is roughly what President Ford hoped to get from Congress, except that he wanted the tax cuts to be matched with a new promise of fiscal restraint. He insisted that the legislators sign a collective pledge not to appropriate additional, unwanted funds. There will be no compromise on this point. Congress flatly and correctly refuses to sign such a contract. Ford announced that he would veto the tax cut if it isn't accompanied by a pledge to cut spending, but that's hardly the kind of threat a presidential candidate can make convincingly before an election. Even Sen. Long says Ford's veto would be overridden easily.

If Congress approves a tax cut but not a tax reform, many people will call it a defeat for the progressives that took over some key spots in the House leadership in the fall of 1974. The man who replaced Wilbur Mills as the chairman of Ways and Means in that shakeup, Al Ullman, promised that he would produce a true reform bill this year. It was a grand promise, but clearly more than he could deliver. The bill that came out of the committee, even it it were to pass the House and Senate miraculously intact, would be less than an adequate overhaul. In too many cases it tries to correct the special treatment clauses in the tax code by rewording them rather than eliminating them. Probably the most controversial example of this is the DISC break, a tax giveaway to corporations that sell American goods to foreigners.

The DISC (Domestic International Sales Corporation) provision forgives payment of tax on one-half of the profits earned by a US exporter. It was promoted and passed in 1971 as a way to encourage small businesses to export US goods, but according to IRS data, 72 percent of DISC benefits now go to companies with more than $250 million in assets. Robert Brandon's Tax Reform Research Group (a Nader satellite lobby) claims that DISC primarily helps large companies that were already doing well in the export trade when the law was passed, firms like Westinghouse, duPont, Lockheed. Brandon argues that the $1.5 billion DISC costs each year in lost revenue provides few jobs for Americans—15,960 in 1974 to be exact. The tax reformers believe the money would be better spent on defense (112,500 jobs), health (120,000 jobs) or cutting the corporate tax rate from 48 percent to 46 percent (90,000 jobs). Pressured by this sort of criticism, the Ways and Means Committee rewrote DISC to cut the Treasury's loss in half, but wouldn't eliminate it. For this revision and for others raising the minimum tax on individuals and limiting the use of capital losses to offset taxes, the committee deserves some credit. It has taken the first step. But what will happen to these modest proposals when Congress reconvenes next year?

Once the tax cut has been skimmed off the top of the bill and the benefits handed out—which must be done this December to be effective this year, and which the Senate has every intention of doing—there will be little enthusiasm to get into the bitter dregs of reform. Indeed, the Senate Finance Committee, which will take up the issue when the House has finished with it, is usually more cautious than Ways and Means. Even its best known liberal members—Senators Mondale, Nelson and Ribicoff—seem reluctant to begin the arduous task of rewriting the tax code.

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Iberian Tightropes

Things seem to be looking up on the Iberian Peninsula. Portugal and Spain are trying to cope with their respective crises more rationally and effectively than one might have expected a month ago.

In Lisbon, President Costa Gomes was able to summon enough courage—and military support—to stamp out anarchy in the armed forces, beat back an attempted coup by extreme leftist officers, and establish a semblance of order for the first time since the rightist dictatorship was ousted in April, 1974.

The Portuguese events made a number of important points: the extreme left, which is composed of groups far to the left of the Communist party, grossly overestimated its power among soldiers and civilians; the Costa Gomes government likewise seemed to overestimate this strength for a time while underestimating the forces the president could marshal once he made up his mind to quit making concessions to the transient crowds and to act. The Communist party, not surprisingly, played a ludicrous role, betraying both sides, and in the end probably further weakening its own position. Although it held a seat in the cabinet, it egged on the extreme left to launch the November coup; when the coup seemed to falter, the party ordered its militants to stay home and proclaimed the whole affair to be a major error. Now it wants to hang on to its ministerial seat.

It has been apparent for some time that Portugal's moderate leftists could survive extremist challenges and thereby defuse the danger of a civil war. But it is urgent that Costa Gomes not allow the political pendulum to swing back to the right, bearing in mind that in the only election held since 1974, the Portuguese people have opted for a pluralistic Socialist democracy. The US and Western Europe should assist Portugal in economic reconstruction, accepting the reality that the Portuguese clearly favor a democratic form of socialism and ought not be pushed back to the feudalistic capitalism of the dictatorial era.

In Spain, meanwhile, the transition from the dead Franco to King Juan Carlos, the Generalissimo's designated successor, went relatively smoothly. His accession has by no means restored democracy for the Spaniards; but the king is now enjoying a troubled truce in his relations with the democratic opposition on the one hand and the unreconstructed Franco *ultras* on the other. He has tried to please the liberals with a much too-limited amnesty for political prisoners and to satisfy the rightists by avoiding brusque changes in the system. This, however, is a tightrope act; sooner or later the king must decide which way he wishes to lead Spain. There are inherent dangers in whatever decision he makes, but the longer he delays, the deeper will be the polarization in the country. Instituting a softer dictatorial system would evidently be unacceptable to most Spanish political factions, including the younger military officers and the increasingly vocal church. Juan Carlos may wind up with an open revolt on his hands if he tries to practice a modified form of Francoism, tryanny without Fascist trappings. The *ultras* and the inherited bureaucracy might be more manageable if the king has the courage and the good sense to make it clear that the Franco era is really over. All the same, he will soon face the inevitable and surely justifiable demands that Spain be a republic again.

Our Angolans and Theirs

Angola, until a month ago a Portuguese colony is now a battlefield between opposing Angolan factions, each supported from the outside. The US is continuing to provide modern arms to the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (FNLA), which it and the Chinese have been backing all along. Since late November, American artillery pieces and armored cars have been quietly landed in Lobito, the Angolan port held by the FNLA. The US activity is apparently in response to the large-scale deliveries of Soviet materiel, including tanks and planes, to the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), now the predominant faction.

"Just what we need."

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South Africa is already deeply and openly engaged in combat against the MPLA, though US diplomatic sources choose to emphasize Soviet involvement rather more than South African. The new and accelerated US arms shipments seem to be drawing us more deeply into the Angolan conflict. The Soviets, whose intervention along with their Cuban allies is massive, have recently been flying Cuban-based TU-95 long-range reconnaissance aircraft along the southeast coast of the US, presumably to track rumored movements of American ships towards the African coast. Will the great powers disengage, or are they moving relentlessly towards bloody conflict on other people's soil?

Democracy in America

Nine Milestones

It was in 1786 that Mr. Jefferson, except for Washington the greatest subversive Virginia ever produced, uttered the wisecrack that confirmed all those who didn't like him anyhow in their opinion that the man was a Leveller, the 18th-century equivalent of the 20th-century Bolshevik. The occasion was a request for Mr. Jefferson's comment on Shays' Rebellion, described in Boston as an uprising of ragged-ass rascals in the backwoods demanding an equal voice in writing the tax laws with the gentlemen of quality and fortune who dominated the shipping and mercantile interests of the new State. Mr. Jefferson obliged promptly. He said that to him the incident was the equivalent, in the political world, of storms in the natural world. They were necessary because they cleared the air, and for his part he hoped the American republic would never go 20 years without something of the kind.

This was, of course, a statement of Mr. Jefferson's belief, expressed in different terms many times during his long life, that a gentleman of quality and fortune, given unrestricted power, is capable of becoming as great a rogue as any hillbilly with the seat of his pants in shreds. Philosophers, such as John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, admitted the truth of the dictum, but Mr. Jefferson said it out loud which, in the estimation of the elite, high-ranking statesmen were not supposed to do, and that may explain why in very exclusive Virginian social circles, while the first President is Washington, and the fourth and fifth are Madison and Monroe, the third is invariably "Mr. Jefferson." After all, he ordered it carved on his tombstone that he had been "Father of the University of Virginia," which he rated as a greater personal achievement than any political office. A strange man indeed!

He did not offer his comment on the Shays affair as prophecy, hardly even as hope, but merely as a wish. Governments, he had written 10 years earlier, derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed," but the structure he and his colleagues had set up to make good the Declaration was falling to pieces. Governments, he had no doubt there would be, and with powers, but unjust powers not derived from consent of the governed—witness the Massachusetts tax law that had triggered the Shays affair. However, Shays had not been hanged, and the worst features of the law had been amended. So he wished it might ever be. And so it has been for 200 years. The wistful, and apparently wispy, desire has proved oracular. Every 20 years, said Jefferson. In the next two centuries the consent of the governed has been reestablished nine times. Nine goes into 200 22.2-plus times—close enough. Furthermore if you start counting with, not from Shays, we are now in the midst of the 10th effort, which would make it exact.

The incidents, in order, were (1) 1801 when the clumsy device of the Electoral College, intended to deprive the people of the right to elect their President, collapsed and, thanks largely to the sanity of Alexander Hamilton, "consent of the governed" became sovereign again.

Then (2) when New England, stung into madness by the effectiveness of the British blockade, adopted a poisonously secessionist resolution at Hartford and destroyed the Federalist party.

Next (3) the election of 1828 in which members of Congress, having usurped the right to nominate the presidential candidates of all parties and having denied election to Jackson, plainly the popular choice in 1824, were given such a thrashing in the following election that King Caucus was forever dethroned.

Number (4), the Civil War, was caused by the effort of the Southern slave-power, actually a minority of a minority, to impose its will without reference to the consent of the majority—the only case settled by violence.

After that (5) the Deal of '76, when the presidency was actually traded for peace and withdrawal of the Army of Occupation.

The tragic succession of Theodore Roosevelt (6) who realized that the consent of the governed had been replaced by the consent of Big Business, and during his seven years in the White House started a readjustment.

Notice to Our Readers

Due to heavy increases in the costs of printing, paper, postage and salaries, the subscription price of *The New Republic* will rise on January 1, 1976 to $21 per year, or about 14 cents per issue. The regular subscription price is a savings of $7.80 over the newsstand price, which will be 60 cents per copy.

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But the crustaceans in control of the Republican party rapidly undid his work and precipitated (7) the advent of Woodrow Wilson. But *his* work was cut off half done by the First World War, which brought on the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era and provoked (8) the New Deal in which the second Roosevelt vastly improved and expanded the work of Wilson until he, too, was interrupted by war which, through a long and dismal deterioration brought us to (9) Watergate, in the consequences of which we are still embroiled.

What makes this series worth considering today is the fact, curiously ignored by most political pundits, that in each case excepting 1861 when the sovereignty of the people has been unsurped, and then restored by a revolt resembling Shays' in every respect except the resort to violence, the final authority of the people, their sovereignty, has not been diminished but, on the contrary, strengthened and extended. Why not again?

Some of Toynbee's disciples will say, "Ah, but the time must come when the challenge will be greater than the response, and that is the beginning of the end." It sounds logical, but Toynbee himself agreed that the greater the challenge that is successfully met, the longer the forward stride of that civilization.

And, as Mr. Dooley said, "there y'are."

Gerald W. Johnson

New Colony In the Pacific

by José A. Cabranes

The Ford administration is quietly attempting a major political and diplomatic coup: the dismemberment of the United Nations trusteeship in the western Pacific (Micronesia) and the annexation of its most compliant archipelago, the Northern Mariana Islands. The move to convert the Northern Marianas into an "unincorporated territory" of the US (the euphemism for what others call a colony) has been timed and executed to avoid serious congressional opposition. Liberals in both houses (most notably, the chairman of the Democratic Caucus, Phillip Burton of California) have been among the loudest supporters of this effort to expand the territory of the US for the first time since 1917. (Liberal complicity in winning for the Pentagon unimpeded access to lands for future base-building will come as no surprise to historians of American expansionism. Woodrow Wilson's interventions in Latin America made Theodore Roosevelt seem timid.)

The first rule of the expansionist game is simple enough: if there is no domestic constituency to question or oppose the interests of a major bureaucratic force, the bureaucracy will have its way with Congress, *The New York Times, The Washington Post* and a few academic ankle-biters notwithstanding. That is especially true when the island-grabbing is packaged in a way that appeals to the liberal passion for extension of the benefits of American civilization to less-favored races. A proposal (H.J. Res. 549) to enter into a "Covenant" with the people of the Northern Marianas—to create a "Commonweath" of the Northern Mariana Islands and extend US citizenship to its people does not sound horrifying, especially when added to it are pledges of federal subventions amounting to well over $1000 per year for every man, woman and child, for a period of at least seven years. The final flourish was a solemn plebiscite in June in the Northern Marianas, in which "78 percent of the electorate" proclaimed eternal fealty to the United States.

Need one say more about why Burton (who is also the chairman of the House Subcommittee on Territorial and Insular Affairs) managed to move the administration proposal through the House in less than three weeks in July (culminating in a voice vote on the floor of the House)? The now pending Senate bill, managed by Sen. Jackson, would also have sailed through unchallenged but for the alertness of Senators Gary Hart (D, Colo.), Harry F. Byrd, Jr. (Ind, Va.) and Claiborne Pell (D, RI), who demanded that the Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees review the matter independently of Jackson's Interior Committee. These are strange bedfellows united in the simple belief that this is no time to establish a new colony in the western Pacific, even if the arrangement has the endorsement of the colonial people concerned.

Critics of the proposal to annex the Northern Marianas note that:

- The US began status negotiations with the Northern Marianas only after a Micronesia-wide status commission proved too demanding in its search for self-government, and asked for too much political freedom in exchange for the coveted bases.
- The administration ignored repeated urgings of the UN that the US maintain the territorial integrity of the Trust Territory and give no encouragement to secessionist sentiment in the Marianas; limited its plebiscite to the 5000 voters of the Marianas, thereby ignoring the overriding right to self-determination of the remaining 100,000 Micronesians; invited the UN merely to "observe" the plebiscite (rather than to conduct it and frame the question); and now plans to ignore the UN Charter requirements that political

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changes in Micronesia be approved by the Security Council.

• The grant of a second-class form of US citizenship is designed permanently to unite the Marianas to the US, foreclose other political status options in the future and establish unalterable (and highly dubious) US security commitments in the western Pacific.

• The US should look to its own long-range interests before making irrevocable and unnecessary commitments for the government of a distant and dependent people, notwithstanding liberal pieties about the supposed right of self-determination of the Northern Marianas' 12,000 people.

• Finally and most simply, territorial annexation is a policy that should hardly be favored by the American people in the year of their bicentenary.

The issue should go to the Senate floor before the recess.

White House Watch

Ford in China

by John Osborne

Peking

Whatever else may have happened to the government of the People's Republic of China since Richard Nixon's visit in 1972 signaled and formalized the eagerness of the US government to come to terms with it, the Peking regime has surrendered to the insistence of American Presidents that they be allowed to take absurdly and outrageously large entourages with them whenever and wherever they travel abroad. The wishes of host governments, their plaintive reminders that no other chief of state or head of government is trailed by so many people and demands such extensive accommodations, and the limits upon available accommodations in the visited countries are permitted to matter very little if at all. American Presidents, including the incumbent, are served by a corps of security agents and general advance arrangers who are taught to be restrained and courteous but on needful occasion can be savage and ruthless in pressing their demands. In 1972, for instance, information officials at the Chinese foreign office told Timothy Elbourne, the White House assistant making arrangements for the Nixon media party, that no more than 12 reporters, cameramen and television and radio technicians could possibly be admitted. Elbourne produced a list of 280 persons and got about half of them including the pathetic total of 20 writers admitted. The strains upon Chinese facilities caused tension but both the media and official aspects of the Nixon visit went off well.

This time, as if resigned to the inevitable, the Chinese hosts did not argue much. One hundred and sixty-three American journalists, technicians and executive freeloaders plus some 30 members of the White House press and transportation office staffs were lodged at the Minzu Hotel, a recently redecorated and quite comfortable hostelry normally reserved for low-level visitors from African, Asian and other countries that the People's Republic is cultivating. President Ford's deceptively small "official party" of eight, his wife and daughter, a listed supporting staff of 19, and a much larger unlisted support and security staff brought the total media and official party to well over 300. After the President's Air Force One and a second presidential jet with supporting staff arrived, a reporter who noticed an enormous pile of luggage in the Minzu lobby was told by a White House official that the pile would have been much larger if a baggage master at Andrews Air Force Base, the departure point near Washington, had not refused to load scores of empty suitcases in which members of various staffs hoped to bring home, at government expense and without customs duty, goods bought at Peking's hard currency "friendship stores." The journalists and technicians traveling on two chartered press planes were told as usual that they could pack "limited numbers of personal packages" into the cargo holds.

God knows what the enormous media party would have done for a story sufficient to justify its presence and the expense to its employers of arranging the same if Chinese Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, the tiny and nut-hard successor to ailing Premier Chou En-lai, and the increasingly characteristic ineptitude of the Ford White House, whether on the road or in Washington, had not combined to provide what many reporters regarded as a whizzer of a story. Vice Premier Teng

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initiated it at a banquet for President Ford in the immense Great Hall of the People by saying in clearly implied effect to the President's face that he and his government were fools for failing and refusing to perceive that "the factors for both revolution and war are clearly increasing"; that the Soviet Union is "the most dangerous source of war"; that the US is suffering from "illusions of peace" and stupidly enhancing the chances of another world war with its policy of accommodation with the Soviet Union; and, in sum, that "rhetoric about détente cannot cover up the stark reality of the growing danger of war."

It was a shocker, to me and to other reporters in that magnificent hall, drinking with our Chinese hosts to American and Communist Chinese friendship. As one knew then in general, and as hasty research confirmed, the essence of it had been said before—in public toasts to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and to West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt in October, by Chinese Ambassador Huang Hua at the UN in New York on November 11, and by Teng Hsiao-ping in Peking on November 15. In a brilliant speech in Detroit on November 24, a review of what American foreign policy had been since the Second World War and is becoming now, Kissinger had said of the impending Peking visit that "Disagreements in national ideology exist, there will be no attempt to hide them." At a pre-China briefing in Washington on November 28, first talking in the guise of a "senior American official" who was disclosed by Press Secretary Ron Nessen on the public record to be Henry Kissinger, the Secretary of State recalled the lecture on the perils and illusions of US-Soviet détente that he got in Peking in October and said: "I consider it possible that either publicly or privately we hear substantially the same Chinese analysis that was made then."

That was all very well when it was said, but it didn't have much relevance at my table in the Great Hall when Vice Premier Teng said it straight to President Ford. When a young Chinese foreign office information official at the table was told by an American columnist that most Americans simply would not understand what Vice Premier Teng was talking about, the Chinese official said with evident sadness and seeming sincerity, "I am amazed, I am really amazed, that you do not understand." When I said I did not understand what the Chinese government did or did not want the US government to do, a freeze settled. President Ford had said in his reply to Vice Premier Teng that the US would pursue its policy of accommodation with the Soviet Union "without illusion." The young Chinese fastened on this remark and said that all his government asked was that détente be pursued without illusion that it would remove the danger of war—by implication, though he did not say, war instigated by the Soviet Union.

Two points, one minor and one major, strike me. The minor point is that the official Ford party in Peking, beginning at the top with the President and Kissinger, knew in advance of the Great Hall banquet that Teng was going to say what he said and should have anticipated the American press corps' reaction to it. They did not anticipate it, or if they did, dismissed it before the fact as the negligible reaction of what Kissinger later called "masochistic maniacs."

The texts of the respective toasts, Teng's to the

". . . of course, where Soviet détente is concerned, I guess I'm a Lonald Leagan conservative!"

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President and the President's to Teng, were submitted to each party in advance. There was serious and prolonged American debate over whether to write a direct answer to Teng into the President's text. The decision was not to do so. It was a wise decision, but the serious discussion preceding it made nonsense of the subsequent official sneer that only news-hungry maniacs in the traveling press corps would take the affair seriously.

The major point is buried in Chinese rhetoric concerning the alleged follies and illusions of détente with the Soviet Union. Henry Kissinger made the point in secret briefings for White House and department officials before President Nixon visited Peking and Moscow in 1972. Kissinger said then, as I reported then, that Communist China's leaders lived in fear of nuclear attack by the Soviet Union and counted each day that it did not happen a gain and a salvation for them. The fear persists and in my judgment it suggests that nothing short of outright and egregious American insult to the People's Republic and its leaders could drive the Communist Chinese leadership to reject American cooperation and protection. Vice Premier Teng said in the seeming challenge to President Ford: ". . . The consistent policy of the Chinese government and people is: dig tunnels deep, store grain everywhere, and never seek hegemony." Hegemony in Chinese parlance means military domination of regional areas and the Soviet Union and the US are impartially accused of seeking it. That is by the way. Ponder the "dig tunnels deep" passage. Allowing for the historic Chinese reliance upon the notion of safety in tunnels and in the vast expanse of their land, the reference in a modern context is paranoiac. Communist China is a weak and frightened country and its leadership looks to the United States to protect and save it from the Soviet Union. Remember that, never forget it, and much else falls into place.

An Era of Retrenchment

The New York Times

by Robert Samuelson

Some events acquire symbolic meaning beyond their intrinsic importance, and New York City's financial crisis probably is such an event. As the Russian wheat deal in 1972 came to symbolize the end of an era of perpetual oversupply in American agriculture; and as the Arab oil embargo crystallized the nation's loss of energy independence. New York's financial crisis may ultimately be seen as the decisive event that slowed the continual expansion of state and local governments—an expansion that has been proceeding, with little interruption, at a rapid rate since the end of World War II. During most of this time state and local governments have been growing faster than the US economy. In 1950 state and local spending accounted for about seven percent of the Gross National Product; in 1975 almost 12 percent. (By contrast, the federal government has grown much more slowly. Between the mid-'50s and 1974 its spending fluctuated between 18 and 22 percent of GNP, depending in part on the state of the economy.)

The signs of a retrenchmen in state and local government are everywhere. New York's crisis could easily be seized upon as the critical catalyst in promoting such a change. The city's crisis would be seen as a sort of psychologic shock that inspired cautiousness and inaugurated a new era of conservatism. "New York is causing state and local government officials to get much more hard-nosed about their budgets," says one federal official. "There will be much attention paid to ways of doing things more cheaply, rather than simply augmenting services."

The city's trauma may indeed foster that kind of climate, but, witness Jerry Brown, there are other underlying factors that may explain the forces restraining further expansion of local government. The first is demographics. The last of the baby boom children are now passing from the status of students to workers (many of them unemployed). The peak year of the boom was 1957, and children born then are now 18—

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recent high school graduates, or new college freshmen. Meanwhile the eldest of the baby boom offspring are nearing 30, and most of them are out of school. Because these young adults are marrying later and (so far) having fewer children than their parents, the demographic shift has meant that local governments are under far less pressure to spend more for schools—the largest single item in most localities' budgets. In fact enrollments at elementary schools have steadily declined for the last few years.

The demographic shift has important (and underappreciated) political implications. As students these baby boom children were service consumers. Now they are service providers—taxpayers and family heads. Generosity (and generous political ideals) come most easily when someone else's money is at stake. Parents paid tuition, so children went to college. There was injustice and misery in the world, so government ought to attack these ills; the taxes, naturally, were someone else's. Now with increasing obligations of their own and the pithy realization that those taxes are *theirs*, these young adults may be far less inclined to support politicians who advocate programs that bite deeper into their incomes. That this transformation is occurring at a time when all families' real incomes are being squeezed—or reduced—by inflation only compounds the effect.

Against this background of changing demographics and economics, the well advertised disenchantment with government social programs may be as much a reflection of self-interest as a reaction against the experiments of the '60s. But the disenchantment, whatever its origins, has produced a major institutional change that, like the shift in the nation's age profile, also tends to blunt the growth in state and local government spending. That change is the reduction in the number of new federal grant-in-aid programs and the shift to revenue sharing.

The proliferation of grant-in-aid programs in the late '60s—manpower programs, educational programs, housing programs—caused a rapid rise in the percentage of state and local spending derived from federal aid. Federal aid, as a proportion of total state and local spending, rose from 13.5 percent in 1962 to 18 percent in 1971, according to the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. But most of the grant-in-aid programs also had the effect of stimulating additional state and local spending, a point emphasized in a new study by Hawley Hinrichs of the ACIR. To get a grant, the state had to put up matching funds. There was a lot of gamesmanship in this process; matching funds could often be "in kind" services—such as repaving a road in an urban renewal area—that might have been provided anyway. But the point is that there was still that minimum pressure on states and localities to increase their own spending.

The advent of revenue sharing changed the game. Revenue sharing requires no matching funds, and its very purpose was to allow local officials to do whatever they wished with the money. Often states, counties and cities used the funds to do things they probably would have done anyway. The extent of such substitution has been documented by a recent study of the Brookings Institution (*Monitoring Revenue Sharing*) that found that in 1972 many state and local governments—especially larger cities and states—used most of their general revenue funds in this way. Now with state and local governments even more strapped for cash then they were in 1972, substitution is even greater.

Each of these forces—the rise of revenue sharing, the squeeze on real incomes, and the change in demographics—tends to restrain local spending. Now in addition to these underlying influences, come the recession and the impact of New York City. In some very obvious ways, the city's touch-and-go dance with bankruptcy has changed the climate in which local government officials, voters and employee unions act. Things that were unthinkable (or at least unthought) 18 months ago are now thinkable because they have either happened or come close to happening: the city almost ran out of cash; previously negotiated wage increases were nullified and replaced by a wage freeze; large layoffs (by government standards) occurred; employees were required to make larger contributions toward their pension funds; and the complacent certainty that the federal government would rescue any major local government in financial trouble was destroyed.

Taken together the new perceptions provided by these events seem likely to reinforce the depressing trends on local spending. The critical role of debt in New York's crisis may result in fewer bond issues by local governments—not simply because the bonds can't be sold, but because local voters won't approve them, and therefore fearing rejection, local politicians won't propose them. The rejection of most of the $7.2 billion in new bond proposals in November may be a harbinger of things to come. This, rather than the unwillingness of the market to accept the new issues, may be the critical limitation. Not that the tax-exempt bond market hasn't been damaged by the New York experience. It has, but the extent of the damage isn't yet clear and it probably won't be for some months. The debt moratorium voted by the state legislature—holders of some New York City notes were told they wouldn't be repaid on time and would have to accept new, longterm securities—will not make tax-exempt issues any more attractive. Yet with all the uncertainty, as many new longterm tax-exempt bonds were sold in the first nine months of 1975 as in all of 1974.

Likewise New York City's crisis appears to have hastened a shift in the bargaining relationships between local governments and their workers. As one union official puts it: "There's a much tougher line on the part of officials than there ever was before. Many

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mayors and governors find that it's a popular political line" to take a tough stand against public employee unions. Although the new attitude has, in part, stemmed from New York's plight, the national recession itself has lent substance to the hostility. "When officials said there wasn't any money before, we could always find some money somewhere," this official says, "Now, often, there just isn't any more money."

Put all these factors together and a good case can be made that state and local governments will struggle simply to hold their own in the next few years. An economic recovery will increase their revenues, but the additional funds may be used to build surpluses, pay for capital improvements that otherwise might have been financed by borrowing, or end taxes imposed to eliminate recession-induced deficits. The political consequences of the persistence of such a squeeze are hard to foresee, but a new attempt—by governors, mayors and public employee unions—to have the federal government assume all welfare costs seems a good possibility.

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by Daniel Yergin

Paris

The United States and Europe lack coherent energy policies for opposite reasons. For the resource-rich United States the matter has not been thought urgent enough in the short run, while for resource-poor Europe the matter is too urgent. The Europeans (along with the Japanese) were the people really held up to ransom by the Arab embargo in 1973; OPEC's 10 percent price hike last September could cost the EEC countries an extra five billion dollars over 12 months, as opposed to two billion for the US.

The nations of Europe have moved forward individually and as a group much more rapidly than the US. The summit of the heads of government of the nine community countries in Rome at the beginning of December brought important new progress. The French at last overcame their fear of offending producers, making it possible for the nine to agree both on a floor price to protect non-OPEC sources, and on an emergency oil sharing scheme within the framework of the community. In turn the other eight succeeded in persuading the British to give up their demand for a separate seat at the North-South dialogue that opens in Paris on December 16. What the Europeans have done and are trying to do is of considerable importance not only for them but also for us. The misguided chauvinism of Project Independence obscures the real necessity—it is less important that the US become self-sufficient than that Western Europe and Japan become relatively more independent and less vulnerable to the whims of the oil cartel than they were in 1973; the Europeans have already moved in directions that will help undermine OPEC's hegemony over the world economy.

In 1972 the European Community was already publicly warning about the grave dangers of dependence on Middle Eastern oil. The fears were fulfilled in October 1973. In response, the Commission of the European Community devised a series of ambitious goals for reshaping the energy picture by 1985, including a heavy emphasis on conservation. Among its points: that energy consumption in 1985 should be 15 percent less than pre-embargo forecasts; that electricity should provide almost half the total energy; and that almost half that electricity should derive from nuclear power. "Going nuclear" is one of the key thrusts of the European planning—officials say that half of Europe's total energy consumption should be satisfied by nuclear sources by the year 2000. Coal production is to be maintained, and the supply of natural gas (the fastest growing fuel in Europe) is to be increased. All of this is meant to reduce dependence on oil—from 63 percent of total energy requirements to 40 percent, and at the same time reduce dependence on *foreign* oil from 98 percent in 1973 to 70 percent by 1985.

The aim behind all these goals, as one commission report explained is "To create a structure in which no one decision center can have such importance for supply that it can compromise the overall stability of

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deliveries, in quantity or in price." To date, however, many of these goals remain merely paper, of the kind Brussels specializes in, without any formal commitment behind them, which has created some frustration in the community's Energy Directorate. The outsider, however, is struck by how much has been done. The EEC guidelines offer a framework in which individual countries can work, and important progress has been made.

Every indicator points to much greater success in conservation within the member states than anyone might have predicted two years ago. For instance imports of petroleum in the first six months of 1975 by France, Germany and the United Kingdom averaged 23 percent less than in the first half of 1973. The UK's total energy consumption dropped 4.3 percent between 1973 and 1974 (while the US's rose 5.2 percent). Britain's 1975 total energy consumption is down still further, to 1969 levels. Germany's total energy consumption in 1975 works out at eight percent less than 1973 and it is now recognized that recent official German estimates for total energy consumption in 1980 will in fact not be reached until 1983.

Three reasons are normally given to explain such drops—two mild winters in a row in Europe; economic recession; and energy conservation, whether by private decision or by government intervention. The weather probably had only minimal impact. "After last winter we saw that there was a saving of energy," said Jacques Lambotte of the French Energy Conservation Agency. "Many people said that the reason was that the winter had not been very hard. In fact, this was not true. In the North of France, the winter was not very bad; but in the south, it was a very hard winter indeed." The recession with its decline in industrial output has, no doubt, been responsible for some significant part of the decline in demand. But conservation measures must be given equal credit.

Different methods have been used in different countries. The Europeans have been consistently much more active than the United States at the level of exhortation and advertising. The French have even established an Energy Conservation Agency, which, in addition to propagandizing, pursues such matters as energy "audits" of industrial firms. Price itself has been used as an important discipline. Britain's Labour government, for instance, decided to let all energy costs, including electricity and coal, rise to "economic levels"—meaning jumps approaching 100 percent in some cases. The French have resorted to such measures as restricting the volume of heating oil that may be sold.

Price has not proved a straightforward discipline. Gasoline consumption appears to respond only temporarily. For instance, after major hikes in gas prices in Italy, consumption fell sharply—but only for a few months. Soon it was rising toward its old levels. Similarly English petrol consumption, down for a time, is again increasing. Such evidence suggests caution in depending too heavily on price at the pumps to restrain consumption *directly*. Where people can save money by controlling their thermostats or putting insulation into their factories, they will do so. When they already have a fixed investment in a car, they will make other sacrifices in order to continue using it. The impact of raising gas prices is more indirect—when the consumer comes to make an investment in a new car, he buys a smaller one with better mileage results (which has after all also been happening in the United States) or he does not buy a car at all.

Considerable emphasis has been placed on saving energy in buildings. Up to 50 percent of primary energy in the UK is consumed in one form or another by buildings; and it is estimated that six percent of UK primary energy can be saved simply by better insulation and changing some fuel mixes. The British government now gives 100 percent tax allowances for insulating industrial buildings. The French government also provides such tax deductions to this area. "The easiest way to conserve is in domestic houses," said Lambotte. A French taxpayer can deduct 7000 francs ($1750) per year for insulation, plus 1000 ($250) francs for each person in the house.

Over the longer term, many more savings will result from conservation. The normal generation of electricity in a power plant does not convert more than 30 or 40 percent of the total energy potential in oil; the rest is lost as hot water (which in turn creates pollution problems in lakes and rivers). Meanwhile the electricity is sent over an elaborate wire network merely to be turned back into heat at the other end—especially for hot water. An alternative is "district heating"—whereby hot water is piped from the power plants directly to homes. Sweden has the most highly developed such system in Western Europe; both Britain and Germany are looking very closely at it. District heating dramatically increases the efficiency of power generation.

Substitution is another method for reducing dependence upon OPEC oil. Production is beginning to build up from the Norwegian and British sectors of the North Sea; and the community can assume that by 1981 about 30 percent of its total oil needs will be met from those two producers. Recently the Italian oil company ENI has hit some promising deposits at deep levels in the Po Valley, near Italy's industrial heartland; and there are indications of oil off the Irish and French coasts as well.

For Europe, substitution also means a movement backward in time. The rise of oil in the postwar years has been matched by a decline in the importance of coal. That trend has now been reversed. Governments are now investing heavily in restoring and modernizing old mines and in developing new ones; in West Germany, Belgium and Britain, the number of coal miners has actually increased for the first time in 15 years. The

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West Germans are building new coal-fired power stations. With new technologies apparently coming along every 20 or 30 years in coal mining, the Germans estimate that their coal reserves will be good for 100 to 150 years. (But what happened to the wartime German capacity for making gasoline from coal? "Much of the technology was lost," said Wolfgang Zugschwert of Germany's Federal Ministry of Research and Technology. "The patents were secret, and in many cases it has been necessary to start from the beginning. We can't find many of the people who worked on it in the past. The publications that do exist don't make much sense. And the techniques that were used appear to have been very primitive. After all, cost was not a factor." Be it noted, however, that South Africa is now building a plant that will produce 25 percent of its gasoline requirements from coal conversion. The process depends upon what remnants of the wartime German technology the South Africans collected 25 years ago. Some say that the enterprise is made economically viable only by the fact that South African coal is cheap to produce.)

Even in the northern lattitudes, there is optimism (extending even to Sweden) about solar heating for individual homes. A happy computer lives in a house near Aachen in West Germany; it opens and shuts windows, cooks meals, turns on and off the hot water; all of this in order to better determine the requirements that solar heating will have to meet. "A family does not keep such good records as a computer," explained an engineer involved in the project.

The most controversial and least defensible aspect of the community's strategy is its emphasis on nuclear power. "Our goal of no more than 40 percent of total energy from oil by 1985 cannot be reached without rapid development of nuclear power," said a senior official in the community's Energy Directorate in Brussels. "No doubt, we must introduce all safety measures that are necessary. But we live in a dangerous world, and we can control these risks. With the increase in the world of both population and industrialization, we will have no choice for the years after 2000 but to accept nuclear energy. Everybody is convinced that after 1980 nuclear energy will develop very quickly."

On the contrary fewer and fewer are convinced of that. It is becoming increasingly clear that the nuclear targets will not be achieved. "There is too much emphasis in the community upon nuclear technology," Prime Minister Harold Wilson has bluntly said. The British along with the Danes and the Dutch have actively resisted this emphasis. "Brussels is very keen on nuclear energy," said one British diplomat. "It's typical of a body of Eurocrats in their ivory towers—they don't have to live on the doorsteps of the power plants."

Even those who eagerly embraced nuclear expansion in the immediate aftermath of the October 1973 embargo have become calmer and more cautious about making huge investment for very uncertain benefits. The French initially announced a goal of 50 atomic power plants by 1985; now the target seems to be under 20. The cutback has resulted from both political and economic pressure. Belatedly a major national debate has begun on nuclear safety and security. In addition French officials now admit that they cannot forecast long-term energy demands because of the many uncertainties, including the price of oil in 1980. They have begun to face up to the possibility that the landscape in 1980 could be littered with half-completed nuclear plants, on which construction has ceased because of changes in demand, supply and technology.

The huge costs of "going nuclear" have also induced caution. The investment required to meet the community's target goals for nuclear plants could be in the order of $150 billion. The Italian Ministry of Industry at first proposed 20 nuclear power plants by 1990. Subsequent calculations have indicated that those plants would cost six billion dollars more than conventional plants—a sum that would produce many more jobs, and other benefits for the Italian economy, if invested differently. This proposal has also been undermined by the fact that the Italian Electrical Power Agency, which would build and operate the plants, appears to be bankrupt.

The community is finding more success in its efforts to harmonize its oil markets. "Today we have nine separate oil markets, and if there are nine separate oil markets, then there are nine separate oil policies," said one Brussels official. "That means our influence as Europeans will be weaker." The community in particular wants to assure free circulation of products within the nine countries and hopes to see prices come into line and wants a great deal more information from the companies as to their true costs.

The foregoing might be seen as the technical aspects of European energy policy. As might be expected, it is more difficult to get agreement on political policies. The European-Arab dialogue is stalled to a significant degree because the Arabs are less interested in dialogue *per se* than in pushing the EEC countries into anti-Israeli positions. At the moment the "common energy policy" is most troubled by the fact that the British are pretending to be the new Gaullists. One of the major arguments of the anti-Common Market forces in England last spring was that the community would usurp Britain's North Sea oil for some unstated but nevertheless nefarious purpose. Although the market received a resounding victory in the referendum, the North Sea still forms a focus of opposition. The latest expression was the insistence of Foreign Secretary Callaghan, backed up by Prime Minister Wilson, that Britain should have its own seat at the 27-nation North-South extravaganza, entitled the Conference on International Economic Cooperation, that opens in Paris on December 16. This particular rendition of the

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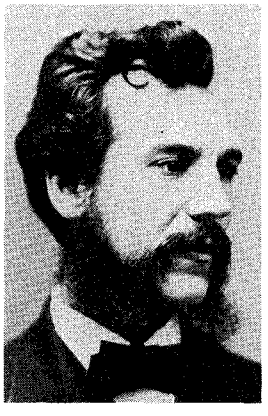


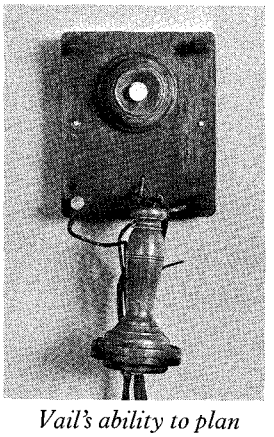
Alexander Graham Bell

Theodore Newton Vail

Theodore Newton Vail was the first General Manager of the Bell Telephone Company. He was hired in 1878, when the telephone was two years old, and 10,755 sets were in service, most of them in the Northeast. His vision of what the new invention could become equaled Bell's own.

Both men saw that the success of the infant telephone industry depended on offering customers an integrated nationwide telephone system. The goal, as Vail later phrased it, was "one policy, one system, universal service." "The strength of the Bell System," he wrote, "lies in this universality."

Vail's economic insight was remarkable for his day. He was managing a new kind of enterprise, one of the first of what we now call technological industries. He saw that technology gave birth to the telephone, and that technology also imposed new requirements on the managers of the business. Manufacturing telephones required a large commitment of capital, for specialized factories. Improving the telephone required coordination of research efforts, plus more capital for laboratories. Marketing the telephone successfully required reasonable assurance that supply and demand would keep pace with each other. Vail realized that the only way those requirements could be met was for management to plan every step of the enterprise, from sources of supply to customer orders.



Vail's ability to plan turned Bell's invention into the best telephone system in the world.

Contrast the case of the manager of a simpler business—a small bakery, for instance. The manager has great freedom. If cake doesn't sell, he can bake bread. If white bread doesn't sell, he can bake rye. There is no need to commit large sums of capital, since the same ovens serve for all three products. No research effort is required, since the recipes are well known. If the price of flour goes up, the manager can raise the price of bread immediately. If demand varies, he can bake more bread or

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The predecessor of Bell Telephone Laboratories: the Bell company's Mechanical Department in the 1880's.

less. The technological industry, by its very nature, lacks such flexibility.

The first telephones were made in a Boston machine shop. Demand soon outstripped capacity, and firms in several cities were licensed to make sets under the Bell patents. Vail wanted closer integration of manufacture, to assure the company's service objectives. In 1881, the Bell company acquired controlling interest in the Western Electric Company of Chicago, and in 1882, made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of technical reasons: quality, reliability, standardization. Vail also had a strong managerial reason. The Bell company's business was providing telephone *service*. Success depended on having a dependable supply of quality equipment needed for the service, at a reasonable cost. By integrating manufacturing within the Bell company, Vail took a long step toward that goal.

At this point the groundwork was laid for a nationwide network. In 1884 the first Boston to New York line proved that commercial long distance telephony was possible—and profitable. Vail and his associates organized an additional company, whose corporate charter put Vail's dream in black and white. Its business was to be "constructing, buying, owning, leasing or otherwise obtaining, lines...and equipment, using, operating or otherwise maintaining, the same....The lines of this association...will connect one or more points in each and every city, town or place, in...the United States, Canada and Mexico, and also by cable and other appropriate means with the rest of the known world...."

Despite all the progress made, Vail saw a basic threat to the industry. Although it was growing, the quality of the service it provided was deteriorating. Some of the earliest equipment needed to be replaced. Rapid expansion was causing growing pains. Vail knew these service problems must be dealt with. But the Boston financiers who determined company policy felt their primary duty was to maximize profit for investors. The financiers represented the thinking of the day; once again Vail's ideas were decades ahead of his time. In 1887, Vail felt compelled to resign. For the next twenty years, he followed telephone developments as an interested outsider.

In 1893 and 1894, the Bell telephone patents expired. New telephone companies sprang up almost overnight, many of them in cities already served by Bell companies. Since the wires of the new companies did not connect with Bell wires, their subscribers could not talk with Bell subscribers. In order to be in touch with all the telephones in town, stores and offices had to have two telephones. That meant two directories, two sets of wires—and two bills. Nevertheless, demand for all telephones was soaring.

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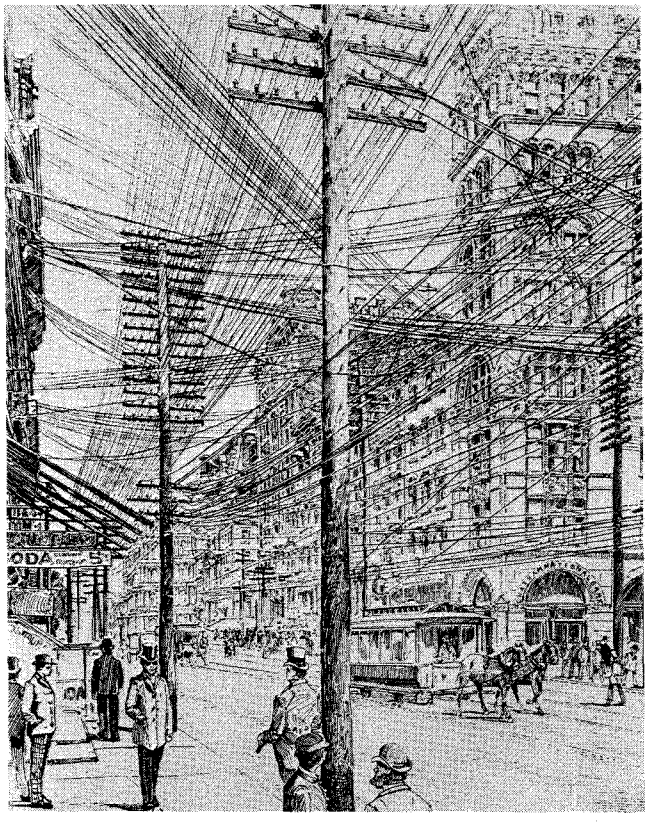

Broadway and John Street, New York City, 1890.
Vail succeeded in getting the city's wires put underground.

The new companies grew, the Bell affiliated companies grew, the confusion grew.

Growth brought financial problems. Earnings, handsome as they were, were insufficient to finance such rapid expansion. (The telephone industry is a capital intensive industry.) Bell management borrowed more and more money from big banks. By 1907, lenders were getting hard to find. Then came the Panic of 1907. To protect their interests, the bankers demanded that telephone management invite Vail back to run things. Vail accepted the invitation. That year there were 3,132,000 Bell telephones in service.

Vail's return to command restored the financial community's confidence in the Bell company, so towering was the reputation he had built. Improving the quality of the service was his first concern. He made sure that concern was understood by Bell people throughout the land. Thanks to their efforts, and investment in needed equipment, service improved.

Further improvement depended on improving telephone technology. Research was going on in various parts of the company, in various cities. To encourage better planning and coordination, Vail unified the research effort. And he directed the researchers to examine at once a new device, the audion tube invented by Dr. Lee De Forest. Working with De Forest, telephone researchers developed the vacuum tube electronic amplifier, which greatly extended the range of long distance service, and led in time to commercial radio and television.

Duplicate telephone companies in various towns were incompatible with good service. Waterworks and electric companies were recognized as "public utilities," granted exclusive franchises for geographical areas. Vail believed that same reasoning applied to the telephone industry. He set out to eliminate the duplication by buying out the rival companies where that was possible, or selling out to them in some towns if that was the only way. In 1913, as a step toward universal service, he agreed to allow the independent (non-Bell) companies to use the Bell long distance lines.

Now Vail could speak confidently of a *telephone system* rather than a large number of isolated, unconnected telephone companies. He was the first to use the phrase "Bell System." He could look to the day when telephone service would be well within the means of the average American. And that gave him the final element in his planning: he could make long-range estimates of the needs of his customers.

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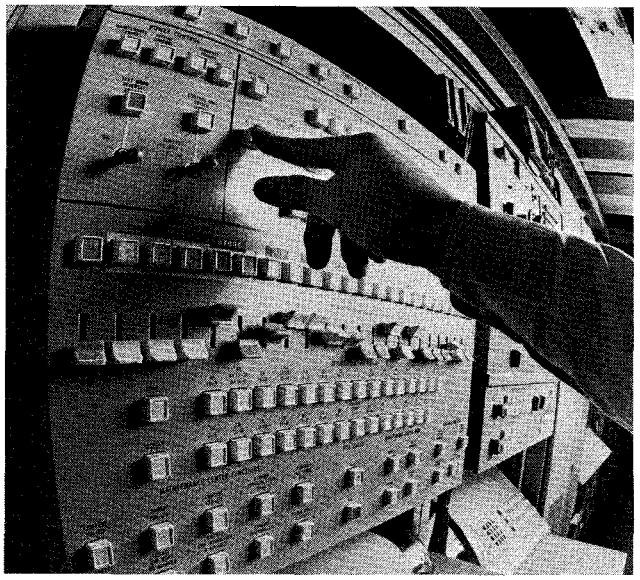
The chain was complete: research and development, an efficient source of supply in the Western Electric Company and total responsibility for installation, maintenance and repair in the local companies.

Because Vail could plan in this way, the company could invest the necessary millions in equipment for current needs, and in research for predictable future growth.

The Bell System continues today in the pattern Vail set. Not as a matter of tradition, but because the concept works. We are planning today American telephone service for the 21st Century. Western Electric and the associated Bell Companies are installing new electronic switching systems nationwide, which make possible many additional telephone services. Scientists and engineers at Bell Laboratories, birthplace of the first electrical digital computer and the transistor, are working now on new technology to transmit telephone calls on a beam of light, to handle calling volumes expected by the year 2000.

Research, manufacturing, operations —one Bell System, a planned approach that works. Efficiency and productivity are well ahead of the average for all other



Electronic switching systems, a thousand times faster than the equipment they replace, are now being installed across the nation.

industries, the system is the best in the world. There are two tests you can make yourself to see if the Bell System really works: Compare telephone prices to the price of almost anything else over the past twenty-five years. Long distance service is one of the few things that have hardly gone up at all. Other telephone services have gone up far less than the price of almost anything else you buy. The economics of a planned telephone system have surely been to the customer's benefit. What about the service? Well, just pick up your telephone. Call any number in the United States.

The best telephone system in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

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"dialogue" is a French creation. France and the rest of the EEC members had assumed that it was all agreed among themselves—the community would take one seat and speak with one voice. Not so, said Callaghan in October, Britain wanted its own seat. Why? As Prime Minister Wilson had said a month earlier, "In a conference of producers and consumers, we should be sitting on both sides of the room." In other words the English are claiming that their oil and coal reserves make them different from all other countries in the community. "It is a rather primitive, tribal reaction," said one Netherlands official. The Dutch have in turn rather angrily reminded the British that they, and not the British, are in fact the community's largest energy exporters right now, supplying something like 40 percent of all of Europe's natural gas. Britain dismissed this contention as spurious and maintains instead that the community could not adequately represent its interests as a potential major oil producer.

Britain hardly needs to worry about its interests being sold out. It certainly would have a very powerful voice in establishing the community's position; beyond that, the Conference is most unlikely to accomplish anything but to commission a number of studies. As one German diplomat involved in preparations for the conference said: "My expectations for material results from the dialogue are not overwhelming. But when you discuss, you don't shout. It helps to keep things quiet."

The British efforts to undermine efforts to create a common energy policy are not altogether wise, for at the same time the UK is trying to get its fellow members in the community to agree not only in principle on a high floor price for oil to protect its North Sea investment, but also on a specific figure—as high as seven dollars a barrel. Wilson and Callaghan have been responding to what they see as strong domestic political forces. They feel that they must go through this Gaullist charade to quiet old-fashioned British nationalists, new-fashioned Scottish nationalists, and left wing Labourites, and it is a charade, for Wilson formerly surrendered the demand for a separate seat on December 2 and agreed that the community could speak with one voice—although the British will retain the right to speak at certain points.

The British are not the only country behaving like the French formerly did; the French are still French. They have refused to join the International Energy Agency, the coordinating group of 18 industrial nations formed in November, 1974 that just happens to be based in Paris. The absence has occasioned suitable bitterness. "In order to provide enough Frenchness to be France," said one senior official at the IEA, "France needs a unique external policy; and the only way left is to be unpleasant to the United States." The major French objection seems to be the dominant role the US is playing in the IEA. "The IEA is a method of exporting internal debates in the US, and that will be the case until Washington has resolved its own debate," countered a French official. "You don't have policies because you don't have the political leadership. We want an EEC policy, not a policy that is a subsystem of a global policy." Of course, the French have also decided to base their future on "dialogues" with the Third World, especially the Arabs, and want to avoid anything that looks like confrontation. There is some feeling among other participants that the US has been a bit imperial in the IEA. "The Americans are unbelievably good at proving the French right, treating the IEA as a kind of energy NATO," suggested a British official. Nevertheless the silliness of the British in seeking their individual seat is matched by the silliness of the French on the IEA. The nine Common Market countries work out a common policy to cover their participation in the IEA, and the French participate in that exercise. Thus they are indirect members of the IEA.

The IEA has a number of important achievements to its credit. It has worked out a sharing plan for the next crisis, in which the new EEC arrangement is a major element. The IEA has also pursued a broad program of information-sharing on conservation and research. The conclusions of the IEA's comparative study on conservation are searingly critical of the US. The IEA is trying to coordinate an acceleration in development. Moving parallel to the community, it is working toward the establishment of a floor price, both to protect more expensive sources like coal and the North Sea against an abrupt break in the cartel price, and also, in the words of an IEA official, "to demonstrate to ourselves and to the rest of the world, including OPEC, that we are taking serious steps."

"European Energy Policy" may well be too grand a phrase, but a lot has been done since October 1973. Nine significant consumers are working toward cooperation and unity, a process that improves the position of the entire industrial world in bargaining with OPEC. The nine countries have found that it is possible to refashion structures and habits, that it is possible to do a good deal by working with the tools at hand, thus making less pressing the need to rush into expensive and uncertain nuclear technology. It is of course too soon to speak of a coordinated European energy policy. "What do you coordinate?" asked Lord Balogh, Britain's minister of state for energy. "We're all struggling—struggling not to be too dependent, struggling to get our coal into shape, struggling to get a nuclear program, to cooperate on research, and so on." Their struggle—unlike ours—has brough some significant results. European petroleum consumption will probably remain almost constant in 1976, while American oil consumption will increase by more than four percent—and 41 percent of all the oil used in the United States will be imported next year. Any American energy policy that does not, in the first instance, direct itself to conservation is, in the final analysis, rubbish.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Jack High

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest (UA). A few days after I saw this film I was in another theater to see something else when they showed a trailer for *Nest*. I've never seen a trailer quite like it. While the sound-track gave us a bit of the score, the screen showed a series of freeze-frames of Jack Nicholson at different moments in the picture. That was all. It was a clear declaration that Nicholson was the picture and that you could have confidence in that fact.

You *can* have a lot of confidence, although it's not true that he is the whole picture: others have done good work. But nothing good that anyone else does, from director to bit player, would matter without the center. We're told that the picture was a long time in the making because of legal and financial problems: Kirk Douglas, who played in a dramatization of the novel on Broadway in 1963 (which I didn't see), held the rights, and in 1971, when he felt he was too old for the leading role, he passed them to his son Michael who wanted to produce the film. (The co-producer was Saul Zaentz, who was behind the still wastefully overlooked *Payday*.) No film delay was ever luckier. The decade it took to start the picture was the decade that Nicholson needed to arrive at the point where they would offer him the role of R. P. McMurphy, the swaggering, appealing, unbalanced king of the ward in an Oregon mental hospital.

Nicholson broke into films in 1958 and played in 20 minor films as a supporting actor, and leading actor, as well as writing and producing some of them, all so obscurely that I had never seen or heard of him until *Easy Rider* (1969)—although I had enjoyed *Head* the year before, a picture of which he was co-author and co-producer. After further acting success in *Five Easy Pieces* he was co-author, co-producer and director of *Drive, He Said*, in which he didn't appear. Many an actor has worked his/her way up from stunt work and bits to the top, but I can think of no other who became a star after such a widely varied grounding in film.

Since then Nicholson has acted well when miscast (*Carnal Knowledge*) and dully when miscast (*The Passenger*), well in bad scripts (*The Fortune*) and well in workable scripts (*Chinatown*), and has made the most—possibly a shade too much—of a virtuoso role (*The Last Detail*). He has defined a persona that is thoroughly American and decidedly non-metropolitan, with a flavor that could encompass roles from the American past. In fact, he is now making a Western with Marlon Brando. Within the limits of his persona, he has shown a wide range of style—fire and desolation and really funny physical farce. He is an outstanding actor made by and for film. Unlike Brando and Paul Newman, he is unlikely to be criticized for not supplementing his film work with stage work if only because there are no classic theater roles that he seems right for. All that matters is how he handles his film choices—with more interest than the latter-day Brando, I hope, and more taste than the latter-day Newman.

At any rate an actor of limited but genuine power, with a range more vertical than horizontal, has established himself as a new *territory*, an addition to the body of both screen art and audience fantasy. Like every real star, he figures in our minds outside the film theater. Like every real star who can also act, he has us, when he is right, at his mercy; and we don't want any.

So Nicholson was ready for this film when the film was ready to be made. His very first scene as McMurphy jarred me. Released from handcuffs after being transported from jail to hospital, he leaps and whoops for joy. It's coarsely, tritely done. But from then on he never sets a foot—an eyebrow—wrong. Walking down the hall between attendants after that first scene, he is quite perceptibly playing a man who is an actor entering on a new stage, but he gives a quick look over his shoulder at a nurse who passes behind him—just a glance in passing—that also establishes him as a jungle animal on guard.

I'm not going to try to detail Nicholson's success throughout—from easy scenes (for him) like the horror of electric-shock treatment to subtler scenes like the welling of pleasure in him when he learns that the giant Indian is not really deaf and dumb and has duped the doctors. All of it creates a human being—a man who doesn't want to be anything but a star in *life*, who can't abide anything but control and attention, who wants the power to dispense favors and justice and, since he does little in life to justify that power, runs into areas of delusion, of frustration, of consequent violence. The film as a whole is warped, sentimental, possibly dangerous; but Nicholson is tremendous.

I avoided Ken Kesey during his books' days of wild popularity as one of those authors I didn't have to read, just outlast. I've glanced at this novel since seeing the film and don't feel I cheated myself. But even Kesey didn't go as far as the film script does in its quasi-Laingian implications that mental trouble is a kind of health, in its simplistic (and weary) allegory of the mental hospital as the world with the patients as the People struggling against Authority, the medical staff. In Kesey, for instance, there is a fishing expedition sponsored by the hospital and accompanied by the head doctor. The screenwriters, Lawrence Hauben and Bo Goldman, make it an escapade, an unauthorized breakout led by the rebellious and charming McMurphy to prove nonconformity.

But, in differing degrees, both the novel and the film script convey that mental patients are at war with hospital staffs and that our sympathy ought to be on the patients' side. For a long time, at least since the medical journalism of Albert Deutsch in the '40s and John Bartlow Martin's *The Pane of Glass* (1959), it's been known that conditions in many mental hospitals are horrendous; but political and social analogies are cheap. Mental patients usually *are* socially incompetent, and many doctors and nurses are trying to do something

Films Worth Seeing

Dog Day Afternoon. Al Pacino shines as homosexual bank robber in fantastic tale based on fact that ends fuzzily.

The Magic Flute. Ingmar Bergman uses Mozart's (complete) opera as a film metaphor to make an exhilarating and enchanting experience.

The Sunshine Boys. Walter Matthau and George Burns are hilarious as two veteran vaudevillians before Neil Simon's script collapses under them.

Swept Away. Italian desert island romance, sharply done on the island, shabby back on the mainland.

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helpful about it as best they can. McMurphy, canonized here, has been arrested five times for violent assault, and he tries to kill Nurse Ratched—would certainly kill her if not stopped. Our hatred of her, if we have it, is not the issue in a civilized society. The resultant lobotomy of McMurphy (this is 1963) is awful but hardly unmotivated, and it doesn't make McMurphy an acceptable symbol of resistance to tyranny. He is—literally—an egomaniac. There is some ethical danger, I would think, in glorifying him.

Within those strictures the director Milos Forman has done sensitive work. Forman was born and trained in Czechoslovakia. His two Czech films that I've seen, *Loves of a Blonde* and *Firemen's Ball*, I thought ridiculously overpraised. His first US film, *Taking Off*, I thought insecure and sententious. But here he has a humorous sympathy, vision, and he executes this questionable script with unwavering control. His symmetries and foreshadowings are used reticently: the opening shot of the Oregon landscape through which the car brings McMurphy to the hospital, balanced by the closing shot of the Indian escaping, with McMurphy now figuratively liberated; McMurphy, after shock treatment, entering with a mock-lobotomized walk which we later see him doing in reality. The very first cut in the film—from that long wide shot of countryside to a close traveling shot of the patients in bed—is a good cinematic statement of the theme. The photography by the masterly Haskell Wexler, with additional work by Bill Butler and William Fraker, seems to embody a concept of texture that Forman had from the start.

Forman has cast his picture almost perfectly. He even gets a good humorous performance from the actual head of the hospital who plays that role in the film. My one question is Lucille Fletcher as Ratched who is cool and clear but a little light.

If this picture had to be made, and apparently that was so, then Nicholson had to do it. Now to join the memorable screen icons—Bogart in Mexico, Cooper in the lonely Western street—here is Nicholson in that blue-wool hat and those lounge-lizard sideburns, his eyes smiling; withdrawing; threatening.

American Space

Spaced-Out at the Shopping Center

The year 1976 is an anniversary for all kinds of things besides American independence. It marks, for example, the 20th anniversary of the Southdale Shopping Center near Minneapolis, the work of Victor Gruen & Associates. Southdale has a special place in the history of the American shopping center; it marked the debut of the large, enclosed mall, and set a pattern which has been extensively imitated and adapted in the last two decades. The regional shopping center is now so ubiquitous, that it is surprising how short a history it actually possesses. All the more reason then, to survey its varieties and social implications, as they become more apparent.

Early shopping centers, like so many modern innovations, developed in California during the 1920s and '30s. Living in the first set of urban communities built entirely around the automobile, Californians quickly discovered the advantages of placing groups of stores around or within parking areas. Similar arrangements soon appeared in other parts of the country. Richard Neutra designed a small shopping center for Lexington, Kentucky; New Jersey had the Big Bear Shopping Centers, built around giant groceries, with parking space for up to 1000 cars.

In the '30s also, chain and department stores, both vital to the future centers, began to adapt their businesses to the increasingly affluent suburbs and the ever mobile automobile. Until then, retail location in large American cities had been generally a function of existing transportation lines. But as automobile usage spread, downtown location became more problematic. "The automobile emancipated the consumer but not the merchant," the *Architectural Forum* noted in 1949, and well before then firms like Macy's and Sears Roebuck had begun building in the suburbs or on the peripheries of metropolitan centers.

It was the union of department stores with the older ideal of grouping easily accessible smaller stores that produced the first regional centers. This was supplemented, of course, by the explosion of highway construction during the Eisenhower era. The years from the early '50s to the late '60s were the golden era of shopping center construction. By the end of the '60s more than 10,000 shopping centers of every size and shape had been built. The huge shift of wealth and population to the suburbs guaranteed their profits. Large department stores—like Hudson's in Detroit and Dayton's in Minneapolis—were eager to get a piece of this action. Instead of simply opening up more branches, department stores began to organize their own centers, hire architects and developers, and get mortgages from life insurance companies, whose huge supply of capital enabled them to influence the suburban landscape as powerfully as their huge downtown skyscrapers shaped the center cities.

By the middle '50s also, developers began to realize the crucial role of design planning. The department stores were the magnets, their drawing power and placement making or breaking the profits of their smaller neighbors. The straight lines of the early malls, like John Graham's Northgate in Seattle, began to yield to more informal treatments. In Chicago, whose suburbs offer a veritable encyclopedia of shopping center forms, Old Orchard in Skokie, and later Oakbrook, opened in 1962, contained several department stores and carefully landscaped courtyards, with flower beds, streams, ponds, bridges, fountains and seating areas. The rambling, informal lines of these centers, and the series of differently sized quadrangles, produced a village-like atmosphere, the large size (sometimes more than one million square feet) deliberately underplayed. At Mondawmin Shopping Center, in Baltimore, developer James Rouse used two levels to produce what contemporary critics found to be an intimate, casual setting, something like "a charming market town." By the late '50s two-level centers were increasingly popular; they cut down on the forbiddingly long walks between stores, a feature of older malls.

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If the rambling, garden-like centers of the late '50s and early '60s were profitable and inviting to shoppers, the Southdale model was the wave of the future. Gruen concentrated his buildings in a two-level mall, and in his enclosed, air-conditioned structure he placed sculpture, trees, benches, so arranging the various spaces to give the impression of downtown bustle. Serenity and village charm were not Southdale's goals; instead, it sought a replication of downtown energy, exploiting the concentration that two enclosed levels, each open to the sight of the other, permitted.

Precedents existed. Glass-covered arcades like Milan's Galleria and London's Burlington Arcade were familiar to European-born designers like Gruen. A few American cities—Cleveland and Providence among them—also possessed important arcades. But even more exemplary were the courtyards and light wells of American commercial buildings constructed at the turn of the century. Department stores, for example, had courts that were cathedral-like in their boast of space, sometimes topped by stained glass domes. Aware of being surrounded by hundreds of other shoppers, customers made their way in an atmosphere of bustle and activity.

This kind of collective drama was what Southdale and many of its successors sought. Shopping centers, Gruen wrote in 1960, "can provide the need, place and opportunity for participation in modern community life that the ancient Greek Agora, the Medieval Market Place and our own Town Squares provided in the past." The new open spaces, he continued, "must represent an essentially urban environment, be busy and colorful, exciting and stimulating, full of variety and interest."

Thus two levels quickly became standard for most centers along with ramps, escalators, broad staircases and two-level parking lots. Ramps were particularly useful for women shoppers (the vast majority of customers), who could move strollers and high heeled shoes easily up and down the undulating inclines, and catch a maximum view of other shoppers and store fronts. Even more than the verticality, it was the enclosed character of the new malls that delighted their users. Southdale was covered because of cold winters and hot summers, but areas with mild climates also sought temperature control. Marvin Richman, of Chicago's Urban Investment and Development Company, points out that the continued profitability of open centers like Oakbrook does not diminish the zeal of tenants to move into covered centers. "It is unlikely we will see any more of the large open centers constructed," he concludes.

If that is what customers want, that is what they will get. Little at the shopping centers is left to chance. Along with Disneyland they were early experimenters in the separation of pedestrian and vehicular movement, and the isolation of service activities from customers. Ingenious devices handled crowded parking lots, security problems and the normal difficulties of congestion. Logos were adopted and incorporated into shopping bags, maps and guard uniforms. Graphics and lighting experts facilitated shopping convenience. But nothing was given away, and efforts made only where they could show. Seen from the outside, from its vast acreage of parking lots, the typical shopping center looks like a pile of blocks. The elemental shapes of the center don't blend into the landscape—for there is no landscape to blend into—but they are not easily separable from it either. The streets are inside, so there is little reason to control facades which abut highways and parked cars.

But if clarity and concern are absent from the outside, the manipulation and self-consciousness become clear once the complex has been entered. Piped-in music, pavements designed to cushion noise, forced ventilation, controlled lighting, all screen the customer from distraction and aid his sense of location. The malls and arcades that lead to the main courts, writes an analyst and designer of shopping centers, Louis Redstone, "should strive for an intimate character and subdued atmosphere. The purpose is to have the shopper's eye attracted to the store displays." To encourage "shopping interest," when upper galleries are separated by large spaces, connecting bridges should promise convenient access and "give tempting views of the lower floor." Everything that goes into the center is organized to enhance the shopping act. "The typical shopper," according to one designer, "makes no thoughtful judgments concerning good or bad graphics, architecture or space design. He feels good or uncomfortable concerning buying or not buying, staying or leaving." Thus most shopping centers don't aim for good design as such; they seek an environment that will pull people in, keep them there, and encourage them to return.

If the end is unambiguous, the setting is not. The desire for variety coexists with an insistence on order; the marvel of discipline and control yields impulse buying; the natural environment is destroyed in order to produce a replanted landscape; indoors and outdoors are blurred through climate control and the conceit of street lamps, trees and occasionally, aviaries and zoos.

There are legal as well as environmental ambivalencies. In the past 15 years shopping center owners have had to fight a series of challenges that focus specifically on the public/private, or inside/outside character of their properties. The rights of freedom of speech and assembly, of picketing and distributing pamphlets, are not totally clear. The latest Supreme Court decision split 5-4, in determining that, in fact, shopping centers were not public thoroughfares but could limit activities normally permitted in public spaces. But it is probably not the last word.

The shopping center itself exemplifies how strongly boundary problems influence contemporary design and social life. One thrust of modern technology has been to permit and even to encourage acts which were once public and collective to be broken down into more private compartments. The automobile, which took the traveler out of a shared setting and allowed him to move either by himself or with selected companions, has spearheaded these changes, aided by the telephone, radio and television. The potential for social violence, the threat of crime and the nature of racial tensions have also served to limit the number of public occasions for casual mingling.

Compartmentalization, however, has inevitably produced reactions. The hunger for great, enclosed spaces that can provide dramatic settings for collective acts can be detected in the many new sports arenas, the Portman hotel interiors, the atriums and courtyards of a number of recent city skyscrapers. Substitutes for streets, which are now so pervasively associated with danger and dirt, nodes of concentration in a sprawl that does not quite satisfy the urban memories of the displaced, the shopping centers permit suburbanites to shop, eat, attend films, exhibitions, lectures, even orchestra concerts and plays.

The designers offer several options. If some suburbanites seek to recall urban glitter and excitement, planners can oblige. Real limitations exist, of course. While all cities are attempts to control chaos, their control is frequently disguised because of the lengthy period

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of imposition. In the shopping center, artificiality is more obvious because nothing is any older than anything else. There is nothing worn, nothing used; even the flower beds stay fresh. But when the developer aims unambiguously at an urban mood—as in Woodfield Mall, near Chicago, or Eastridge in San Jose—he produces, with hard materials and bright colors, exciting, dynamic interplays of light, texture and movement: great hanging mobiles, huge open plazas, balconies, ramps and stairways cutting with sharp angles across the empty spaces. From dozens of vantage points the shopper can gaze across what seem to be limitless vistas, depressing when they are empty, but exhilarating when they are filled with active people, a landscape in perpetual movement, assertive and ever changing.

Even cities need to recall what they once were, or are still trying to become. Many have built their own shopping centers, in an effort to retrieve the downtown. Chicago's new Water Tower Place, beginning its slow unfolding this month, has carried the vertical possibilities of center design to new extremes. The shopping center, that supports a 22-story hotel and 40 floors of expensive condominiums, has seven levels. Seen from the outside its marble, windowless walls (which conceal the service corridors) could be housing a warehouse or convention hall. The street is as irrelevant to it as the suburban parking lots are to their centers. Inside, however, after customers arrive by escalators at the mezzanine, they will encounter a seven story courtyard, bulging at the middle floors, crossed by three glass-enclosed elevators. Powerful lights will pick out the prismatic colors of the glass, increasing the sense of movement within the center; five other small courts, two and three-story, will be scattered through the rest of this quintessentially urban setting.

The glitter and extravagance of Water Tower Place's atrium recall another period of Chicago design, the era of John Root and his partner, Daniel Burnham. Root provided, in the Rookery, the Masonic Temple, the Chicago Hotel, the Mills Building in San Francisco, Kansas City's Board of Trade and the Society for Savings in Cleveland, a series of unforgettable light courts in glass and iron, surrounding delicately banistered staircases and filigreed elevator wells. Passage upward in those elevators, unlike the closed cabs of today, was an exhilarating adventure, playing lights and shadows against one another. "Through the constant interplay of dualities," writes Donald Hoffmann, Root's biographer, "of solid and void, structure and space, stasis and kinesis, opacity and transparency, darkness and light," the architect achieved a vital resolution. With its totally artificial lighting and very different materials it is not yet clear that Water Tower Place can approach the achievement of 19th-century masters like Root. But the effort to try to recapture the lost glories of courtyard, stairway and elevator is a welcome one.

Water Tower Place and Woodfield, centers that are urban in spirit or place, form only one among many varieties. The developers of Water Tower Place have just opened another shopping center, this one in Aurora, Illinois. It maintains the conventions of size and enclosure, its retail space projected at well over one million square feet; but its very different approach to large space gives it another kind of personality. The Fox Valley Center is almost as large as Woodfield but much less urban in feeling: its use of wood and tile—in flooring, fixtures, railings and columns—the subdued earth colors, the controlled scale of its courts and its lighting system, prevent this center from unleashing a sense of overpowering size or energy. The vast distances are disguised, and the center courts divided into two unequal parts, each a studied contrast to the other. Each department store has its own plaza, but they are or appear to be more intimate than their cubic footage suggests. The shopper can still detect the several levels, and come upon large, dramatic openings, but the wood and the foliage screen and break up the stark vistas, faintly echoing the village-like qualities of the older, open centers like Oakbrook.

Not that the "rural" centers are any "softer," to apply Robert Sommer's term, any more flexible or responsive to

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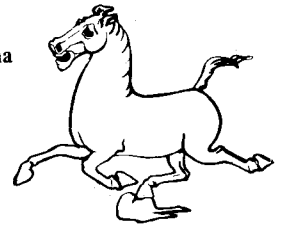

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individual needs. These are, on the whole, hard environments, their seating and traffic patterns clearly established and permanently fixed. The shopping itself can be disappointing. Because small, individually-owned businesses do not generally have the capital to relocate here, chain stores and franchises dominate. One shopping center repeats the outlets found in another. The music, the fixtures, the forced air can all be dreadful. At certain times of day there is an inertness, a deadness about the centers which no city space ever quite descends to. They are dominated by homogeneous groups—housewives, older people or teenagers—and thus lack the human variety of the street scene. And finally there is that single-minded devotion to the profit motive, the supervisory spirit which has outraged those critics who prefer to associate architectural innovation with more disinterested planning, and who find closed interiors to be oppressive.

But there is little evidence that many customers object to the total definition of the shopping center. There may indeed be relief at the lack of ambiguity, the limits on choice which the environment poses. All the attractions are controlled. One walks from the car to the center, and then tours the shops. Everyone seems there for a reason. Social transactions are simplified and dignified by the spatial drama of the great courts. Aware of the amphibious quality of contemporary American life, the merging of one function or activity into another, the studied informality to so many personal inter-changes, developers have created integrated spaces with multiple uses that can handle anything from the most trivial errand to an evening on the town.

It is their capacity for visual surprise and contrast, and their impressive displays of technical virtuosity, that make the shopping centers stand out. The last architectural form that serviced American dreams so effectively were the movie palaces of the interwar years, and they relied on decorative detail and costly materials. Architectural fantasy today employs space and lighting rather than electric stylistic quotation. Engineering technologies permit the shopping center to expand the achievement of their true ancestors, the great railroad stations: span a void in metal and glass, and use the proportions to honor the activity within. Space and light have always been luxurious, and few have exploited them as cleverly as the center designers. Conspicuous spatial consumption brings monumental status. In joining modern pleasure in large, unadorned surfaces to an older, baroque theatricality, the best of these buying machines remind us, once again, that the commercial spirit has nurtured much of our most interesting American design.

Neil Harris

Neil Harris is professor of history at the University of Chicago.

Books Considered

Power Shift by Kirkpatrick Sale

(Random House; $12.95)

Within many a fat book, there is a thin idea struggling to get free. At the outset of his new work, Kirkpatrick Sale tells us that the "power shift"—from the Eastern establishment to the new forces of the "Southern Rim"—is "a way of comprehending modern America." He sees it as the explanation of everything from the Kennedy assassination to the Vietnam war to Watergate to the shape of the next presidential election. The claims are exorbitant, but within the book, there is a substratum of truth, overlaid with a great deal of loose, flabby, oversized argument.

Doubtless there has been a shift of strength—evident in population, seats in Congress, industry, income—from the Northeast to the South and West. Particularly in recent years, as Sale points out, the industries that undergird the sunbelt economy, notably agriculture, oil and defense, have been doing much better than those of the Northeast. As a result the postwar period has seen a movement of influence: the center of gravity in American economic and political life has been displaced from its traditional locus.

But Sale's argument goes further. He maintains that the Southern Rim, extending from the Carolinas and Florida through the deep South to Texas and California, has a history and culture more imbued with violence, crime, racism and corruption than the rest of the country. Hence its proclivity for financial swindles, political assassinations, high murder rates, its hospitality to organized crime, reactionary political organizations, religious fanatics. Hence its affinity with what Sale calls the "Three R's: rightism, racism and repression." Hence the Vietnam war, hence Watergate.

In support of these claims, Sale belabors the well known (*e.g.* that the Southern Rim is the home of a great many racist and right wing political groups) and insinuates darkly about what isn't known at all (*e.g.* that the forces of the rim were behind the Kennedy assassination). So much of the book consists of ventilating old charges and recounting the evil days of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon that the story soon sounds overly familiar, repetitive, overdone.

The argument is pursued in an unnecessarily exaggerated fashion. Insisting on a point that would be easily granted—that the Nixon administration was dominated by people from the Southern Rim—Sale feels obliged to belittle the significance of Henry Kissinger's role. To make the growth of the rim's national power seem more impressive, he plays down the past influence of the South through its hold on congressional committees and the Democratic party, and plays up its present strength by disparaging the importance of Northern ownership of Southern industry.

Throughout the book there is a tendency to categorize people indiscriminately on the basis of their region of origin. A man may have spent most of his professional life in Washington, but if he had the misfortune to be born in the Southern Rim he becomes a "cowboy" or "Rimster" with typical "Rimian" (rhymes with simian) traits and loyalties. Abe Fortas, for example, gets counted as a "Rimster," first as evidence of the rim's growing influence in the postwar era and then as an example of its corrupt character. Everything the "cowboys" do fits into the argument. Their successes prove the rise of the Southern Rim, and their disasters prove its corruption. Since there are a good many of each, Sale is never at a loss for examples.

There are more serious analytical difficulties with the book's conception. Sale doesn't address the basic question of whether power in America is really

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geographic in its organization. Economic interests and political alliances follow other lines than those of geography (most obviously, political ideology, class division, ethnic identification). Sale's whole argument is one-dimensional—it's an idea in want of a theory. (At one point, he makes a quick reference to four previous power shifts in American history, but this is never developed. The book has no real historical depth.) With a little restraint and a larger theoretical perspective, the idea of a power shift could have been much more persuasively, and more modestly, argued.

The ingenuity of Sale's work is that he has conflated the old distinctions between the North and South, and the East and West, into a single conflict between the Northeast and the Southern Rim. One wonders, though, whether the rim is as cohesive an economic and cultural unit as he claims. Is California really closer economically and culturally to Mississippi and Arkansas than to New York?

Most of the South, it seems to me, still belongs to the periphery of the American economy rather than the core. In its wage structure, in its industrial base, in its access to capital, it clearly lags behind the rest of the country. Yet Sale can't seem to concede the patent differences in the Southern Rim. Fragile as the conception may be, it has to be held together at all costs. Minus California, the rim would no longer look so impressive statistically, minus the less developed South, it would no longer seem so threatening and reactionary in its political culture.

What is of value in *Power Shift* can be summarized in a short article, as Sale recently did on the op-ed page of the *New York Times*. There he argued that the city's financial crisis is a reflection of the changing balance of economic and political power in the country. New York's plight gives added plausibility to his thesis in just the way that the fuel shortage during the oil embargo gave seeming confirmation to the Club of Rome's argument about the limits to growth. Both crises were short-term developments, with multiple causes. Yet they were made possible by long-term trends in resources and wealth. Sale's book has the merit of underlining one of those trends. It's a cartoon that makes one useful point.

Paul Starr

Paul Starr is a member of the Society of Fellows at Harvard.

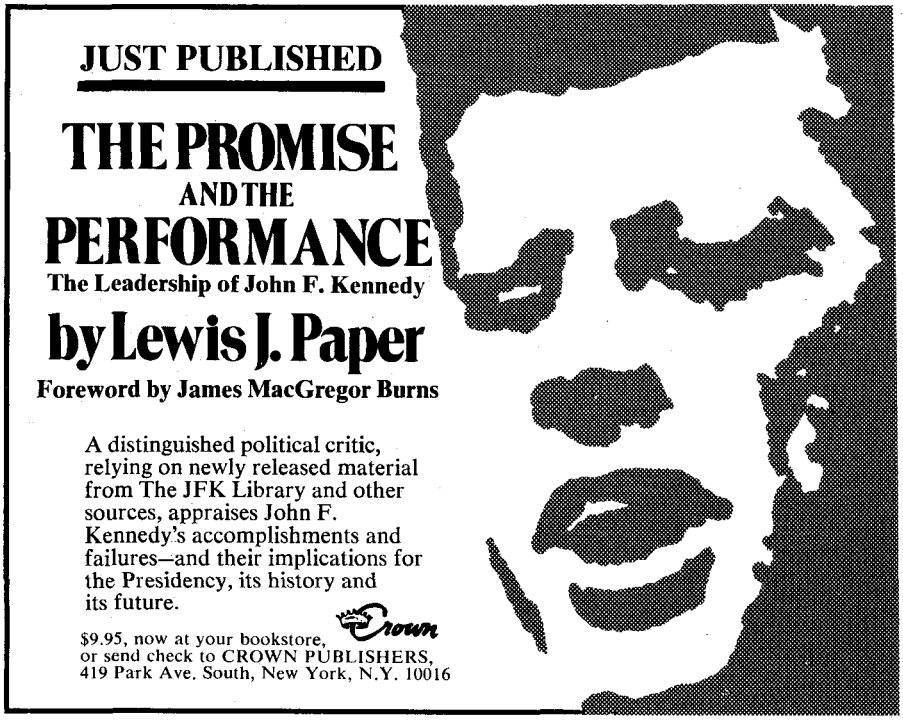
A Southern Album by Irwin Glusker, narrative by Willie Morris

(Oxmoor House; $27.50)

The folks down in Birmingham have launched this photo-and-text son-of-*Jericho* with Claghorn *chutzpah*: "This book is not about the South," they exult on the blurb. "It *is* the South." Such promises are the lavish ephemeras of the Christmas trade; but two of the quotations culled for *A Southern Album* by Willie Morris or his "panel of distinguished southern professors" beg retort. The first, from *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, disingenuously invites us to consider "why we make this book, and set it at large, and by what right, and for what purpose, and to what good end, or none." Which is like asking why all those rebel flags are made and set at large at Daytona or Darlington. Nobody is going to mistake *A Southern Album* for a spendthrift gesture of regional piety, produced at $27.50 until January 15th "lest the dead die a second and more final death." But how did Willie Morris and Irwin Glusker, who have done such splendid work, get mixed up with this hardcover super issue of *Southern Living*? Their underlying assumption, or that of their publishers at Oxmoor House, is implicit in a second quotation: "'The past is never dead,' Faulkner said. 'It's not even past.'" The notion of ineluctable tradition, until recently so pervasive in Southern letters, is a history for profit.

A Southern Album is less a literary milestone than occasion for a stockholders' report—and perhaps for the reflection that, with capital so low, only a merger can save the Dixie mine from bankruptcy.

C. Vann Woodward has argued that the South's experience of defeat and guilt was too quickly dismissed as an aberrant departure from the American norm. It is, he says, precisely this sectional acquaintance with grief that relates our national past to the common experience of mankind. He also insists, as Faulkner did, that a heritage is never lost—or, presumably, evaded, bartered or simply left behind (as if, to borrow Tate's metaphor for the South, Aeneas was too distracted by a boom in Trojan real estate to take his household gods along). One wonders what Faulkner would think now, with Anchises in the rest home and Ascanius selling islands to the Arabs. Morris belongs to a transitional generation, less intransigent than his mentors and less venal than his publishers. In his introductory essay, reminiscent of the moving early chapters of *North Towards Home*, he ruminates uneasily on his heritage: "Could my generation be the last," he asks, "to have known, and lived, the old warring impulses to be both Southern and American?" He doubts if he can bequeath to a Yankee son that peculiar burden of memory that spread like kudzu over Mississippi "before the great television culture, before *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, before the federal expressways and suburban sprawls." Ceremo-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niously, he gives his son his great-grandfather's sword, but the boy cannot perceive the smoking blood along the blade, the violence and passion that make it something more than antiquarian relic. "Did this sword kill anybody?" the boy asks, trying to fathom the ritual. "I don't know," Morris answers. "He looked at it for a long time, then took it in his hand. 'Thank you, Dad,'" he says. It has been a long time since Quentin Compson got his father's watch.

Maybe the sins of the fathers have been expiated, or maybe Hell is a city as much like Boston as Yazoo City. The best Southern novelists no longer write about the South as a peculiar people; and the rest of America, with its own experience of defeat and guilt, has become more like the South as the South has become more like it. If Faulkner were alive to watch our cultural traditions converging in bicentennial whimsy, he might have something to say about the surprising fragility of birthrights in the marketplace, rubbed and fingered beyond recognition. He might observe that when the tension between ideal and reality slackens, when the anguish of the past is so easily packaged as comfortable nostalgia, comfortable and expensive, tradition becomes an empty boast, a snowball in a bankvault. In this respect the discontinuity of pictures and text in *A Southern Album* is profoundly appropriate. Nothing relates the color shots of dune buggies at Cape Hatteras and cheerleaders in Texas to the spare classicism of ruined mansions and work-smudged tenant farmers. It's as if a critical mass of diversity and contradiction was reached as the book was thrown together, as if its jumbled confusion of images evinced a breakdown in tradition, like the slow-motion explosion at the end of *Zabriskie Point*. The infinite regressions of perspective in the slave cabins on the title page and colonnades at Charlottesville are haunting in their suggestion of temporal dimensions; but they are blank in the foreground and blank at the vanishing point, like drainage pipes. The pictures that hold the eye are mostly Farm Security Administration photos or their prototypes—a general store during the depression, a Negro with a pig under a chinaberry tree, an Appalachian family in 1916, mute with helpless serenity in the grasp of time. Morris writes persuasively of those moments that "elicit some deep interior tension and seem to mirror all the longings and intuitions of one's existence"; but none of the recent pictures record such moments, perhaps because—whatever the elegaic eloquence of Morris' introduction—the publishers had something blander in mind.

Ten years ago Willie Morris edited a special supplement for *Harper's* magazine in which he sought "a reliable composite portrait of present-day Southern society" and "the personal, the institutional agonies, the subterfuges and cruelties" that were part of it. It would seem the agonies and subterfuges are over now. A color photo of the Klan in Mississippi looks like backwoods contestants on their way to "Let's Make A Deal." In a sense that photograph is definitive, an irrefutable indication that the world of Faulkner is as far behind us as the world of Homer—and the boyhood of Willie Morris as lost as either.

On the other hand, those Southerners who regard *A Southern Album* as more *momento mori* than celebration may find consolation in gaining a nation as they lose a region. Another prominent journalist recently returned to the South has proclaimed it the white hope of the future. "It has learned how to change," he says. To which one might reply as Carlyle did when informed of Margaret Fuller's decision to accept the universe: "By God, she'd better!"

Benjamin Dunlap

Benjamin Dunlap teaches literature and film at the University of South Carolina.

The New Orleans Architecture Series

(Pelican; Vol. I, $15; Vol II-IV, $17.50)

New Orleans is one of America's richest architectural possessions. A booming port in the early 1800s, the city was blessed with several architects who continued the tradition of quality design established by the French, who founded New Orleans in 1718, and the Spanish, who occupied the town for a brief period during colonial settlement. The colonial buildings of the Vieux Carre and the Creole cottages of the Faubourg Marigny section are well known. But a remarkable Greek Revival community is largely intact, in blocks behind the Mississippi River warehouses and wharves.

River warehouses and wharves.

The reason many buildings stand today is that, until recently, there was no reason to destroy them. For a century, the city has been poor. The port economy was ruined by the Civil War. Recovery after Reconstruction was modest. Generations of men from the same high social and financial order consolidated wealth. No manufacturing base was built; few local products went back up the river. Although the city's outlook in 1975 is shaky, the last decade has seen financial growth tied to a burgeoning tourist industry. New hotels and office buildings have gone up. Texas money helped erect an extravagant domed stadium, financed by a taxpayer rip-off bond issue scheme that worked.

For the past six years, an intense battle has been waged between developers and highly visible preservationist forces. The demolition of one third of the Central Business District, including the elegant St. Charles Hotel, is evidence of the raw money power. The 1974 moratorium on further demolition called by Mayor Moon Landrieu, a liberal with strong ties to big builders, and the placing of several areas on the National Register of Historic Buildings is one indication of preservationist strength. The press is now behind the preservationist movement, thanks largely to the publication of an interesting series of books, *New Orleans Architecture*, written by a group of local scholars and patrician members of the Friends of the Cabildo, the most effective preservationist society.

The first volume, the *Lower Garden District*, was published in 1971 and, for the first time, documented the Greek Revival sector, drawing on many sources for photographs and illustrations. The Friends of the Cabildo writers included an architectural inventory to lure buyers. Within weeks of publication, real estate values increased in the neglected district. Tours were organized. Preservation entered the city's political vocabulary. The first volume became a mainstay for planners, real estate people, scholars and architects. Since publication of Volume I, the LGD, a black and Latin and old white immigrant area, has experienced an influx of young couples and single white collar people. Many houses have been remodeled; the trend continues.

Outside the French Quarter, the city began as a series of plantations whose owners sold arpents and tracts to individuals, companies, speculators, government and churches. The "faubourgs" (suburbs) that spread out developed into a series of villages

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within-the-city. Volume II documents the growth of *The American Sector*, or the business district, Canal Street and west. Samuel Wilson's essay, "The Early History of the Faubourg St. Mary" is a respectable history. Wilson, editor of Benjamin Latrobe's *Impressions Respecting New Orleans* (Columbia), includes two long, eloquent reflections by the master architect on the city as he saw it in his last year, 1820. One foresees architectural change:

> *. . merchants from the old United States, who are daily gaining ground on the manners, the habits, the opinions . . . of the French, have already begun to introduce the detestable lopsided London house, in which a common passage & stair acts as a common sewer to all the necessities of the dwelling & renders it impossible to preserve an atmosphere within the house materially different from that of the atmosphere.*

Many of the red brick fonts were done in Greek Revival, some covered with French stucco, many added balconies in the upper story. Classical idioms were employed in the construction of large office buildings, many of which, as a result of this book, will remain in the pock-marked Central Business District.

Volume II also contains an incomplete financial history of the city. Although the essay "Banking and Economy" documents important periods of money power over the years, the authors don't explain who the dark forces are attempting to ruin the cityscape today. They could easily have done so, with no fear of libel, since sales transactions are public record.

Volume III, *The Cemeteries* (1974) is the most intriguing of the four volumes, a study of the funerary art work. New Orleans lies in a sub-sea level bowl between the Mississippi River and Lake Pontchartrain. Because of the soft earth and permutations of the river, which bleed into certain neighborhoods subterraneously, revising the postures of houses and cracking streets, above-ground burial is a necessity. The cemeteries are like miniature cities, with rows and blocks of mausoleums, vaults and sarcophagi rich in design and mythical representation in stone and iron. The most thorough piece of writing in the *Architecture* volumes is Mary Louise Christovich's "Cemetery Ironwork" essay, which traces the history and explains the technique of the iron and grillwork craft. This remarkable native tradition produced rich funerary embellishments and the graceful balconies for

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which the city is known.

Volume IV, *The Creole Faubourgs* documents the large area east of the French Quarter and Esplanade Avenue. The sector, well preserved, includes urban mansions, Creole cottages and a wide range of other styles. It has long been inhabited by a healthy number of blacks, many of them Creole descendants of men who literally built the area. Waves of Caribbean blacks, freedmen and mistresses to white men, whole families in some instances, came to New Orleans early in the 19th century. Unlike slaves, these people enjoyed certain benefits from whites; some even inherited property. The French Creole plantation, raised with front and rear galleries and steeped hip roof, doubled pitched and turned up at the eaves, was an early prototype of this faubourg.

The documentation approach of the *Architecture* volumes is a section-by-section study. I had some difficulty understanding the chronology of the city's growth, and periodically had to refer to different volumes as I went along, to find out what forms went up in one part of the city while I was reading about another. I stress this point because the authors say little about the diversity in New Orleans architecture. Although each neighborhood is discussed for its own merit, the books don't synthesize or interpret deeply. Just how diverse is the city? How does it compare with other cities? With so many of our cities butchered and changed—compare San Francisco's bay skyline of 1958 with today's—there would seem a natural importance to the many intact neighborhoods of New Orleans, a large importance. Hopefully future volumes (seven are planned) will rectify this problem.

The only way a serious reader should approach these books is with the realization that New Orleans has no definitive history of the city. One indication of New Orleans' tropic, libertine influence on good minds is that the best to write here have been transients. Hearn, Cable, Faulkner, Tennessee Williams and Capote drew on bewitching and intoxicating qualities of the culture, wrote fables but little history, and then moved on. While not definitive, the *Architecture* books lay a solid foundation in the field, are a great gift to general historians, and, as the authors hoped, have contributed immeasurably to the maintenance of extant architectural treasures.

Jason Berry

Jason Berry is the author of *Amazing Grace: With Charles Evers in Mississippi* (Sat. Review Press). He lives in a Greek Revival house in the New Orleans Irish Channel.

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Brothers Keepers by Donald E. Westlake

(M. Evans & Co.; $6.95)

Donald E. Westlake, the comic novelist of American crime fiction, has written his Profane Comedy, irreverent, impudent and rakish. If not his choice effort to date, it still has some glorious moments of divine comedy undefiled by any uncharitable act of scorn or blasphemy.

Julian Symons has observed that the successful comic crime story (parodies and buffoon-detective novels are banished from serious consideration with an appropriate shudder) is a rare find in the generally grim and tense pursuits of crime fiction. At least genuine crime comedy was a rarity until Westlake, a prolific writer with fertile imagination, came along to turn the serious crime caper into a boisterous romp through the ridiculous. Westlake operates on what seems a perfectly reasonable premise: that scamps and scoundrels are just as likely as the rest of us to get snarled in one ludicrous predicament after another as they go about their normal lives and business.

In *The Hot Rock*, Westlake's merry band of heist artists had to break *into* a jail, police station and insane asylum in attempts to retrieve an emerald swallowed by a colleague moments before his arrest. The cops of *Cops and Robbers* escape suspicion-free with $10 million in Wall Street bearer bonds because no one believes a thief in blue uniform possibly could be a real policeman, only to find themselves caught in a dangerous exchange of wicker picnic baskets with a double-crossing Mafia chieftain. In *Bank Shot*, the gang pulls off a brilliantly ingenious caper by swiping a bank *in situ* with its temporary quarters in a mobile trailer and then are undone by unforeseeable complications.

And now, in *Brothers Keepers*, Westlake gives us the Caper of the Lost Lease on Illuminated Manuscript, the Bugged Madonna and Child, and the Rogue Monk Amid Earthly Temptations.

"After all, how far can a lamb stray in a monastery?" Brother Benedict asks at the end of an opening apologia for the dullness of his confessions (an impure thought during a shaving commercial on television is the worst he can do). Quite far afield, to answer Brother Benedict's question, at least in the madcap cosmos created by Westlake. On his pilgrim's progress, the young monk journeys to a Long Island estate for the pagan rites of a New Year's Eve bash, to the Puerto Rican beaches to meditate under the influence of rum punches, and to the bed of a liberated Irish lass ("Am I an occasion of sin for you, Brother Benedict?" she asks demurely). But all is done for a worthy and good end: to save the 198-year-old monastery of the Crispinite Order of Novum Mundum from the evil designs of greedy real estate operators, who want its valuable mid-Manhattan site to build another ice-cube office-apartment complex.

Amid all his comic antics, Westlake never is merely silly. He is a genuine comic novelist, using laughter to expose the incongruities, complacencies, hypocrisies and pretensions of society. Rarely does Westlake's comedy backslide to the level of gross burlesque. His Dortmunder, Kelp and Murch (of *The Hot Rock* and *Bank Shot*) are not inept bunglers of the "Get Smart" set. Luckless losers, yes, but feisty and shrewd enough to survive when things keep coming up lemons instead of roses.

In *Brothers Keepers*, Westlake has exchanged his gang of oddball heistmen for a monastic community of 16 mild-mannered, but no less quirky, men, who have found a peaceful solution to the various problems of their lives within the repose of the contemplative Crispinite order. Brother Oliver, the abbot, following the example of a long line of eccentric predecessors with such singular specialties as matchstick mangers, mass-paints Madonnas and Children, their cheeks blushed with an orange Flair pen. But he also is wise enough to know that rich men get that way by

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knowing how to renege on promises. The community embraces a former ranking welterweight, a Vietnam war dropout, a retired pickpocket-burglar, and Brother Quillon, the resident homosexual, much admired by Brother Benedict, who points out "the rest of us had removed ourselves from temptation, while Brother Quillon was smack in the middle of it."

It is Brother Benedict who returns from his weekly expedition to Lexington Avenue with the Sunday *New York Times* and the disturbing news that Dwarfmann Investment Management Partners (DIMP in acronym) wants to raze the monastery. Like Peter De Vries, his colleague as a comic novelist, Westlake delights in sportive play with the language. Dan Flattery just happens to be the name of the man who has sold the option on the land, and when the Crispinite brothers threaten an appeal to Catholic Irish loyalties, they are told: "Flattery will get you nowhere."

Salvation for the monastery seems at hand when the monks find an illuminated manuscript copy of the lost lease among the works of an earlier abbot, who did beautifully rendered "No Smoking" signs and Louis-Schmeling fight posters adorned with entwined ring ropes. But the copy is burned by an arsonist, and suspicions of a double-agent in monk's robes are lifted only after Brother Benedict's discovery that one of Madonnas and Children has been plugged.

Westlake's high-spirited humor is somewhat constrained within the bounds of a monastery, and *Brothers Keepers* doesn't attain the mad dash of some of the earlier capers, particularly those with the engaging Dortmunder gang. After all, an innocent lamb can stray only so far, even on monastery business in the outside world. Westlake must strain to reach a happy ending, but all can be forgiven for those hilarious moments of high comedy of character and situation.

Westlake is a writer of diverse talents. Under the alias of Richard Stark, in bleak and spare prose, he turns out chilling thrillers in which Parker, a humorless, ruthless, unrepentant anti-hero with no first name, operates in the amoral jungle of professional crime. On sunnier days as Stark, he has written the adventures of Alan Grofield, an actor who would rather rob banks than sell out to Hollywood. The Mitch Tobin series is also the work of Westlake writing as Tucker Coe. A recent issue of *The Armchair Detective* credits some 50 novels to Westlake & Company, including singletons as Curt Clark (science fiction), Timothy J. Culver and J. Morgan Cunningham (parody).

Several of the Parker thrillers, including *Point Blank* and *The Split*, have been turned into films, along with the Westlakean capers of *The Hot Rock* and *Cops and Robbers*.

As a funnyman—and he is a very funny man indeed—Westlake has the problem of being taken seriously. As Ross Macdonald pointedly noted, this original and prolific crime novelist is not listed in *A Catalogue of Crime*, the massive bibliography of Jacques Barzun and Wendell Hertig Taylor, a "valuable but extremely eccentric" compilation in the opinion of Julian Symons. In his own *Mortal Consequences: A History—From the Detective Story to the Crime Novel*, Symons himself overlooks Westlake in his brief mention of crime-novel farceurs, although he does note approvingly of the efforts of Colin Watson, whose most recent delightful crime comedy,

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Six Nuns and a Shotgun, has nothing whatsoever to do with a convent. Too late on the scene for consideration by Symons is Tim Heald, another Britisher, who also peeked behind monastery walls for *Unbecoming Habits*, in which the fathers transform honey into full-bodied and full-spirited mead.

Westlake-as-Stark has teamed Parker and Grofield for several capers. Now if Parker and Grofield were joined with Dortmunder, Kelp and Murch, and then Brother Benedict. . . .

Jean M. White

Jean M. White writes on mystery books for *The Washington Post*.

Yesterday's Spy by Len Deighton

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95)

By 1969 Len Deighton had written his four best spy thrillers, beginning in 1963 with *Ipcress File*, and going on quickly to *Horse Under Water* and *Funeral in Berlin*. The first and third of these books were made into motion pictures, both with Michael Caine as Harry Palmer. By 1969 the Deighton touch was clear, both the plots and the style almost instantly recognizable, and Nicolas Freeling, creator of the Dutch detective Van der Valk, led his hero to contemplate Deighton along with Maigret and Raymond Chandler as modes of thought possibly productive to the resolution of the crime in *Tsing-Boom*. In fine, Deighton had carved out his own niche by then.

What was this special niche? Roughly Deighton had decided to apply to the reader, and therefore to his style, the principle so honored in spy fiction (if not necessarily in real life), that of "need to know." His plots seem more complex than they are, as most mundane lives no doubt do, because very little is stated explicitly, sequences appear to begin in mid-passage, and only through observation of the action does one come to understand either the motives of the villains, or the thought processes of the heroes. Adam Hall would be the closest imitator in style, and those who compared Deighton to Ian Fleming seemed to have missed the obvious point that Fleming wrote in the standard way recommended to Alice, while Deighton had patented a style in which every third paragraph appeared to have been left out.

It worked stunningly well, not only as pure thriller, but as a not too subtle way of sharing Harry Palmer's confusion with the reader. In a sense, Deighton's interest was increasingly in the question of what an agent might be led to believe was true rather than in any fictional truth to be revealed to the reader. And it worked, brilliantly in *Horse Under Water*, even well in an otherwise extravagant and unconvincing book, *An Expensive Place to Die*. Appearances increasingly became everything. As one Caterina says in Deighton's new book, *Yesterday's Spy*, "You don't have to have something to feel guilt about! . . . Guilt is like pain—it hurts just the same whether it's real or imagined." The jar that Charlie thinks holds Steve Champion's fingertips, lost under torture to the Nazis in World War II, turns out to be a jar of four green olives, "just as the label said." Appearances are deceiving, but what is stated—and that is often very little—is true.

Deighton worked this style to its height in his last spy thriller, entitled simply *Spy Story*, the title itself warning one that a spade is a spade, words count, visions discredit. *Spy Story* was inexpressibly boring but it also showed that he had a serious idea about style and that he wanted to grow as a writer. For the problem of the writer to formula remains: once the audience is hooked, how does one lead them on to other things? The author of *Len Deighton's Cookbook* (truly superb, as were his "cookstrips" in the—wasn't it?—*Sunday Observer*) knew as well as anyone that to carry the steak and kidney pudding crowd on to sole Veronique would not be easy. So Deighton wrote on two parallel lines, one developing his spy thrillers to the reductio ad absurdem of *Spy Story*, the other attempting "serious" novels (*Bomber*, *Closer-Up*) and short stories (*Eleven Declarations of War*) which did not meet with the approval of those who had become accustomed to his other face.

So now Len Deighton has thumbed his nose at us and written his best book since *Funeral in Berlin*, all in the same gesture, which is surely a kind of grace. For he has written a book which reviewers may well hail as Deighton returning to the style and mannerisms of his earlier successes. Having tried to grow and experiment, without critical success, and having thus shown fa more courage than an Alistair MacLear (who in his next to last, *Breakheart Pass* couldn't even bother to check the mos simple of facts, building the Unior Pacific Railroad 19 years too soon t please his plot), Deighton has written book that is self-parody so cunningly constructed as to please at almost an level. Even Deighton's metaphors rea like those that used to be reprinted i *Readers' Digest* (and may still be for all know; I've changed my dentist). This i "the mixture as before" with a differ ence.

Yesterday's Spy is, on the surface about one Steve Champion, a hero o World War II who was a top operativ for the British in occupied France Champion has now gone into busines for himself, perhaps planning to sel French military secrets to the Arabs perhaps doubling in a particularly com plex way. He is relying on old ties, ol loyalties and old techniques. Or so i seems, until his protagonist, Charlie (fo which read Harry Palmer without th knowledge of food) discovers that he too, is Yesterday's Spy, letting those ol ties and loyalties influence his judgmen of the present. Steve had taught Charli and had saved his life. Both worked t intuition, both relied upon their ow internal computers, knowing that mod ern technology would let them dow when it counted most. Both replayed th wartime scenes of Nice. Both ultimatel were to be "too late. . . . If you are tryin to do a totalitarian job within th permitted limits of a free society, you ar always too late." For the rules of th game had changed. The surface irony i to show us how both men have becom Yesterday's Spies.

But it is Deighton who is trul Yesterday's Spy, and he knows it. It is i this that he succeeds—taking us back t an earlier time in order to "return t form." This is a story written to th attitudes, the manners, the very style o the 1960s in which he won his audience It will win that audience back, and wi deserve to. And by doing so, by taking u back to the time when Muhammad A was Cassius Clay, Deighton has bot written his best seller and grown in th way in which he wanted and yet coul not otherwise have done. *Yesterday's Sp* is all of us.

The irony is especially telling as on contemplates the dust jacket. Its creato cannot have read the book, for i identifies "the beautiful Pina" as Char lie's first sweetheart, which she wasn't and depicts a broken, chambered revol

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er which is clearly not the one of noment in the book. Charlie may drink leurie with an omelet—independence f mind, this, not lack of knowledge—ut he does his homework, as the jacket vriter clearly didn't. And so does Deighton. He is capable of terrible lines '. . . cold night air hit me in the face like custard pie"), and of being derivative the ending here is out of *Doctor No*, and he central physical device that holds the lot together is reminiscent of Anthony rice's recent *Sound of Glory*), but he nows what his audience wants, and he nows how to give it to them while etaining his pride as a professional. "A an can lose his faith in Santa without tuffing his presents back up the chimey." This little bit of Charlie's wisdom pplies to *Yesterday's Spy*.

Robin W. Winks

obin W. Winks is professor of history t Yale.

general focus on privilege in the American system. His campaign has insisted from the start on examining "the role privilege and privileged institutions have played in provoking the present crisis"—the very tasks urged on the candidates by that selfsame *New Republic* editorial.

Harris has set himself a formidable job: to convince America that its system is less in need of amelioration than change—that privilege is not at the periphery but at the very core of our difficulties. And he has committed himself to developing not a rhetoric but a realistic program through which such change might be made possible.

His goals may be distant and, in the present atmosphere of despair, his chances are the polls may seem problematic: but surely he deserves from *The New Republic* a more thoughtful hearing and a more compassionate evaluation than he can expect to get from the *National Review*. He may, after all, turn out to be the only candidate in either party willing to speak common sense to privilege, and truth to power.

Benjamin R. Barber
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Correspondence

aking Our Lumps

o the editors:

your November 1 lead editorial Party Time for Democrats"), you do a umping together' job on Democratic residential aspirants that suggests you e paying less attention to what they e saying than to what Ford, Wallace nd the media are saying about them. ed Harris has had to take his lumps, ut *The New Republic*'s is one lump too any. Harris' concern with regressive ixation is only one part of his more

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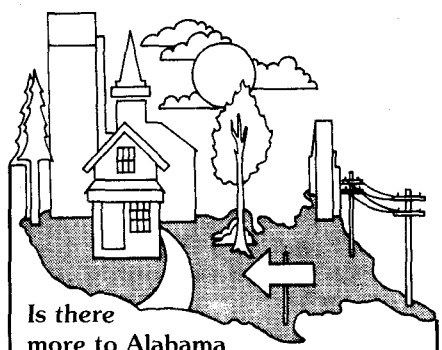

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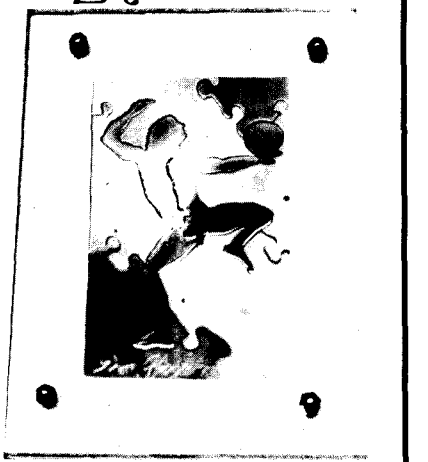

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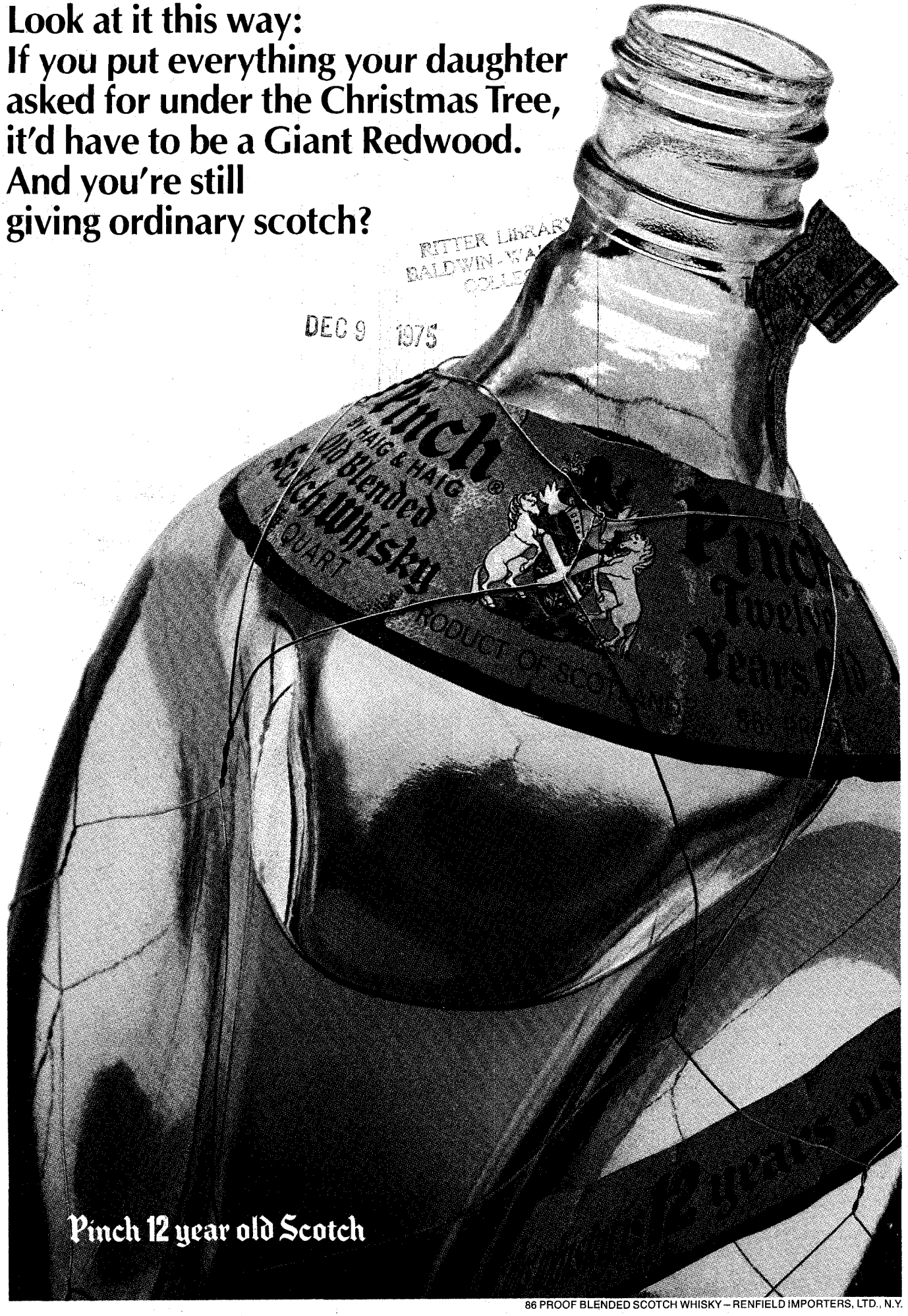

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